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WHAT IS JUSTICE TO GERMANY?

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

HITLER'S memorandum outlining his counter-proposals is a more effective document than had been expected. In tone a certain simplicity, a popular unofficial style makes an impression of sincerity. It is probable that its author does really desire a lasting peace with the French, though his motive may be to detach them from the Russians and win a free hand in the East. His argument, based on Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points, that no German Government, not even that of Dr. Stresemann, could ever have accepted the demilitarisation of the Rhineland, save as an imposed necessity, has undoubted force. The plan for negotiations by stages and for the discussion of contentious issues by compartments seems businesslike. There is evidence of fresh thinking in some of the proposals, notably that for a cultural *détente* between the French and Germans. The French naturally ask whether he will consent to expurgate *Mein Kampf*, which calls for the extinction (Vernichtung) of France, and whether he will apply the new rule of mutual respect in schools and elsewhere to German-Russian relations also. The whole educational system of Germany is to-day a challenge to her neighbours. The suspicious aspects of the reply are: (1) that Russia is not offered a non-aggression pact (perhaps on the ostensible ground that there is here no co-terminous frontier), and (2) that save in the West, these pacts might preclude mutual aid to a victim of aggression.

Hitler's Proposals

When we ask whether this Note as it stands can at once inaugurate a reconciliation, and obviate the resort to a one-way Alliance in the West, two main difficulties confront us. The British and French ask for an undertaking that Hitler will suspend fortification for four months. This is a difficult concession for him, since he regards it as involving the acceptance of inequality. There is no immediate danger from any forts that can be hastily built. And is there any sense in asking for this delay, unless there is an intention to forbid fortification permanently? In the second place the proposed military conversations, which have no doubt been an inducement to Germany to adopt a conciliatory tone, should not be allowed to wreck negotiations. If they involve (*a*) the exchange of French and British military secrets, and (*b*) the dovetailing of British and French dispositions in mutual interdependence, it is hard to say how Germany's demand for an equal footing could ever be satisfied. The French press has led off by denouncing the proposals root and branch. But it is to be hoped that the French, whose stiffness about a unilateral breach of Locarno has so far been justified, will not now misread British public opinion, which undoubtedly sees a new hope in

Hitler's offer. The negotiations should give plenty of opportunity of testing Hitler's sincerity. If there are no negotiations there will be a violent revolt in British opinion.

Methods of Barbarism

The Italians are making a supreme effort to enlarge the area they occupy in Northern Abyssinia before the great rains begin. They have straightened their front, and will presumably claim this considerable territory in the peace of annexation which they expect to bring off in the near future. Public opinion, as the impressive debate in the Lords showed, is, however, more gravely interested in the growing barbarism of their operations. A report from the British Consulate in Harar confirms the earlier news of the bombing of this undefended town. The casualties were not heavy, because a raid was expected and the population had fled. But there is no indication that any warning had been given by the Italians. The town was destroyed, and it seems clear from the consular report that all the hospitals—Swedish, French and Ethiopian—received special attention. There is no reason to doubt the statement of the Abyssinian Government that this town, lest an excuse should be given for the destruction of the railway, was not used as a military base, but solely as a Red Cross centre. The Italians have now flagrantly and repeatedly violated the Geneva Convention, the Hague Convention, and the clauses of the Washington Convention which prohibit the use of poison gas. For they have (1) systematically attacked the Red Cross, (2) bombarded an open town, and (3) used poison gas. It lies formally with the Committee of Thirteen to consider what action is due. If no action be taken, a precedent is set by this toleration, which warns us all to fear the worst when the scene of the next explosion of Fascist militarism is transferred to Europe. But we cannot avoid the reflection that the fuel on which these planes flew over Harar may have been sold to the Duce by the Admiralty's Anglo-Persian Company. Protests mean little while this traffic continues.

France's Financial Crisis

France now officially considers that the crisis of the franc is at an end—that is, until the next time. The stampede from francs into sterling seems in fact to have stopped, largely owing to the operations of the British control. On the Bourse, there was some recovery of prices in the middle of the week, after the week-end slump. France has not been driven off gold: indeed she cannot be *driven* off, in face of the magnitude of her gold reserves, except by an irresistible financial panic. Her situation is nevertheless difficult and precarious. The figures of unemployment are nearly as high as they were a year ago, and the index of production nearly as low—still under three-quarters of the 1930 level. As long as these conditions last France will remain very vulnerable to financial panic, which is liable to arise at any moment out of either domestic or international embroilments. M. Regnier, as Finance Minister, continues to proclaim his devotion to the gold standard, which, in the absence of a renewed and more serious panic, is now certain to last till the elections are over. What will happen then? No one knows. The political parties are not even now ready to make themselves responsible for devaluation, except as part of an international stabilisation agreement. But no such agreement looks likely—or desirable from the point of view of most of the countries concerned. The Germans and Italians would probably welcome it as an excuse for devaluation. But should we, and would the United States, or the remaining countries of the sterling *bloc*?

The Budget Surplus

Mr. Chamberlain finds himself with another Budget surplus, despite expenditure of £3,500,000 over his estimate—which itself included a provision of £8,000,000 for supplementary estimates. Power was taken in last year's Finance Act to borrow for the statutory sinking funds; but this power has not been used, and £12,500,000 has been applied to debt repayment, still leaving a balance of nearly £3,000,000. This situation is due chiefly to the high yield of customs and excise, which brought in actually over £13,600,000 more than last year, and of income tax and estate duties, which brought in respectively £9,000,000 and £6,500,000 more. These figures reflect continued improvement in trade and industry, as well as higher tariffs. Ordinarily, they would be taken as foreshadowing at least some reduction in taxes; but with a huge expenditure on armaments to come—even if this is to be paid for largely by borrowing—Mr. Chamberlain will not have much to spare. What is unpleasing about the figures is the high proportion of revenue now raised indirectly by customs and excise, which last year, at £303,000,000, was £14,000,000 larger than the combined yield of income tax and surtax. This undoubtedly means a shift of tax burdens to the serious detriment of the poorer part of the population. But is Mr. Chamberlain likely to attempt to redress the balance? Hardly; for his indirect taxation is mostly defended as "protective," and the income-tax payers will cry out louder than those who are penalised by indirect taxes for any concessions that are to be looked for.

India Ends the Ottawa Agreement

The Indian Legislative Assembly, by 70 votes to 65, has demanded that notice be given to terminate the Ottawa Agreement with Great Britain. As the Government of India had announced in advance that it would accept the decision, this presumably means that notice will be given. The Congress Party did not move, but supported, the resolution, which was passed principally by its influence. The declared aim of the Indian policy is to free India's hands for trade negotiations with other countries. The Indian Congress leaders and their allies complain that nearly all India's imports are included in the list of goods for which the country is compelled to grant preferential treatment to British goods, and that this prevents India from negotiating favourable commercial agreements elsewhere. Actually, in 1934, India received over 40 per cent. of her imports from Great Britain, which took 32½ per cent. of her exports. India's next best customer was Japan, which took 14½ per cent.; and India got 15½ per cent. of her imports from Japan. America, Germany and Italy came next in order among India's customers. The European and some Indian members of the Assembly argued that India had much more to lose than to gain by ending the Ottawa Agreement; but a mixture of economic and nationalistic considerations carried the day. Pre-

General Theory

sumably there will now be negotiations for a new agreement. But India wants mainly, not mere concessions from Great Britain, but a freer hand to negotiate elsewhere.

Unemployment Insurance for Blackcoats

Sir William Beveridge's Committee has definitely recommended the extension of unemployment insurance to non-manual workers up to a salary-level of £400 a year. Two members of the Unemployment Insurance Statutory Committee dissent, and suggest £300 as an alternative; but obviously the change is not worth making if the limit is to be put no higher than this. Most of the non-manual associations which have been demanding the extension of insurance have asked for a limit of £500 a year. The Royal Commission of a few years ago recommended £350. The Co-operative movement favours £400. The Royal Commission made its proposal conditional on the simultaneous extension of health insurance; but this condition is not accepted by the Beveridge Committee. It is estimated that the £400 limit would bring in about 400,000 additional insured persons, and raise the income of the Insurance Fund by £2,400,000 a year. The estimated increase in outgoings is not given; but presumably the liability to unemployment, among those whom it is now proposed to include, is somewhat below the general average. It is to be hoped that the Government will act promptly on the Beveridge Report. The number of unemployed non-manual workers is quite large enough to make the problem urgent; and it is obviously wrong that workers of this type should be driven straight to the P.A.C.s for help. Most employers, the Committee record, oppose the change; but what socially beneficial change have employers, as a body, ever not opposed?

Matrimony and the Law

The demand for a more careful treatment of matrimonial cases in the police courts has led to the production of an excellent report. The Departmental Committee on "Social Services in Courts of Summary Jurisdiction" recommend that we should make practice throughout the country more uniform and sympathetic. Although it believes that the present arrangements for settling matrimonial disputes are unsatisfactory, the Committee does not favour separate domestic courts; it suggests instead that the system of holding special sessions should be extended, fewer members of the public should be allowed to attend and at least one woman magistrate should be present. The evidence submitted shows that in two cases out of three the attempt to effect a reconciliation appears to be successful. The application of the conciliation procedure, however, should always be a matter of discretion rather than routine. The indiscriminate reference of all applicants in matrimonial cases to the probation officer, as is done in some districts, may involve a denial of justice. It is vital moreover that before a final order is issued each party in the dispute should clearly understand the financial commitments which an order of separation or maintenance entails. The Report also contains some important evidence on the working of the present probation system and suggests that it should be transformed from a voluntary organisation into a public service.

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JUSTICE TO GERMANY

AT the week-end M. Flandin asked Hitler a number of questions. What will be the value of a new treaty if Hitler maintains the right, stated by him as a theory and recently demonstrated in practice in the Rhineland, of repudiating any treaty that does not suit him? Does Hitler renounce his frequently repeated intention to absorb into the Reich German-speaking populations in neighbouring States? Against whom is he rearming? Does Germany intend to claim colonies and an overseas empire? If so, where and at whose expense?

These are very proper questions, and their importance is not decreased by Hitler's new proposals. If Hitler still thinks it contrary to German honour to submit a case to judicial decision, if he will not renounce his challenge to Russia, or call off the Nazi agitation in Austria, Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, Denmark and other countries, there can be no sense in his talk of a twenty-five years' peace or his statement that he is willing to join a League of Nations which involves the acceptance of a rule of law, the recognition of the territorial integrity of member States and a promise to submit all disputes for arbitration or judicial settlement.

The French, as always, see the situation in terms of power and terms of law. The past treatment of Germany does not affect them. Their eyes are glued to the present menacing situation. The British look at Europe through different spectacles; they distinguish between law and equity, and affront France and all the new States that were created at Versailles by insisting that in equity Germany has a strong case. Oddly enough, however, they take exactly the French view when their own Empire is at issue. There is rich comedy in articles by Lord Beaverbrook insisting on Germany's rights and her past bad treatment without a reference to the Empire which we took from Germany in spite of our insistence that we were fighting for no territorial gain. No one is so indignant as Lord Beaverbrook at the idea of making any imperial concessions to anyone, and on this point the Conservative Party and the ruling classes in England agree with him. A Government spokesman gave a categorical assurance in the House of Commons the other day that there was no intention of giving up an inch of the British Empire. Apparently no point of equity arises where British possessions are concerned. This attitude seems hypocritical to the French; Britain's imperial policy is based on considerations of self-preservation just as much as France's policy in Europe.

We do not suggest that it would be a good thing merely to pass chunks of the British Empire over to Fascist Powers. To do so would not help their economic or population problems. At best a colony would mean prestige and careers for some of the younger sons of a middle class which knows, as no other does, the terror of unemployment. Colonial possessions do not materially relieve population; the total number of Germans in the large overseas German Empire before the war was less than the number of Germans then residing in Paris. Nor is the possession of an overseas colony any guarantee of access to raw materials in time of war; the German Empire was useless to Germany in 1914. Moreover, the terrible doctrines of Nordic superiority put forward by the Nazis make it plain that native populations would be

regarded by them merely as slave-labour. Yet if we wished to remove the charge of hypocrisy we ought at once and as part of any negotiations with Germany ourselves to repeat M. Flandin's third question and to offer a thorough examination of the whole colonial issue. Other States have a real grievance against us when we put restrictions on free buying and selling in our overgrown Empire, and, if we are honest in our pretensions, we should immediately be willing to put a number of other colonies under the mandate system which is at least some safeguard against purely nationalist exploitation.

About the Empire we manage to keep our consciences conveniently quiet. About Europe, where these moral scruples do not worry the French or the Czechs, whose existence is at stake, we have all the acute sensitivity natural to the disinterested observer of other people's troubles. The British have a peculiar genius for forgiving those they have wronged. Of course, we are not disinterested where Belgium is concerned and everyone knows that Great Britain would again fight for her frontier on the Rhine. But where do we stand about the relics of the Versailles and St. Germains treaties? Presumably our consciences are at rest about Alsace-Lorraine and Schleswig. No one would regard a grievance under Versailles as a valid excuse for a Nazi putsch into France or Denmark. Eupen and Malmédy, Belgium's two tiny acquisitions from the war, were probably less justifiable. But they are not important, and Hitler no less than Dr. Stresemann has freely accepted Germany's western frontier as it stands. Next come the territorial questions that affect Poland. Most of us feel in retrospect what some of us said at the time, that the arrangements for Danzig and the Corridor were an outstanding folly. But the Corridor is now almost wholly Polish and to-day it would be racially as well as politically extremely difficult to improve the Upper Silesian frontier, unjust though its original partition was. In any case, Hitler has himself promised the Poles not to raise these controversial issues for ten years.

On a long view, none the less, this complex of Polish questions remains a living perplexity. No one supposes that the Nazis have really renounced these claims. Either, as Goebbels explained not long ago, they have pushed them, for reasons of strategic prudence, to the end of their agenda, or else they look to a war with Russia for their eventual solution. To this group of questions belongs also the problem of Memel. It is, perhaps, a minor matter; none the less, a German population in this city was sacrificed to the economic convenience of Lithuania. Conditions are easier to-day, but when Hitler suddenly becomes amiable to Lithuania, it is natural to ask whether, in Stalin's phrase, he may think of "borrowing a frontier" in this quarter for an attack on Russia.

Moving southwards, one comes next to Czechoslovakia, where over three million South Germans find themselves subjects of a liberal Slav Republic. They enjoy equal cultural and political rights. None the less, they have grievances—the chief of which is that they believe they still ought to rule as they did in the Hapsburg Empire. They have flocked into a local "Nazi" movement which is a threat to the Republic, and in time of war their conscripts might be a source of deadly danger. Here strategy overruled the principle of self-determination. But to-day revision is barely thinkable without a war, which would involve both the French and the Russians.

Finally we come to the question which in gravity surpasses all the rest, that of Austria, in which we must include the complication of Mussolini's South Tyrol. Seven million people, perhaps the most civilised in Europe, were sacrificed to the military reckoning of the Victors. If the political and economic life of this State, on which independence had been thrust, was just tolerable up to 1934, it has since been incompatible with self-respect for a good two-thirds of its citizens. It is a small minority that accepts Fascism under Italian protection as a temporary *pis aller*. "Independence" under these conditions is a sinister joke. Here, if anywhere, justice is at grips with law. If Hitler should risk his next stroke in Vienna, what will our consciences say, after we have condemned any murders and broken promises incidental to the operation? Do we doubt that through fourteen years, while Germany was still a pacific Republic, the great majority of Austrians wished for the Customs Union that was denied to them under Versailles? And are we not uneasily aware that by supporting a Fascist Government under the protection of the despised Italians, we have been running the risk of driving a large part of the unhappy population to a reluctant acceptance of a Nazi future for their country?

All these considerations would weigh on our consciences, and we may be sure that Hitler would point to our misdeeds since Versailles as a justification for his new *fait accompli*. But it will be equally clear that to weaken about Austria is to abandon the whole of Central and Eastern Europe to Nazi domination. It would mean general war soon, if not immediately. The position of Czechoslovakia would be impossible, and Hungary would almost certainly regard the opportunity as ripe for her own largely inequitable demands for frontier revision. Moreover, to abandon Austria to Germany to-day would be a crime to the Jewish population of Vienna and would subject the Austrian Socialists to an even harsher persecution than they already endure. If we are in the least realistic we shall leave off talking about the past wrong of forbidding the *Anschluss* and consider a possible economic and political solution for the most difficult corner of Europe. There is no security in leaving the task to Mussolini, who is almost universally hated in Austria. Perhaps there is still a solution, if the British and French Governments, which still have a dominating voice in Vienna, would insist on the release of the Social-Democratic forces which constitute the only serious opposition to Fascism in Austria. Is it too late to unite Austria within a common economic frontier with the Czechs and with such other neighbouring peoples as can be induced to share in the advantages of a common Customs Union?

We have surveyed this situation, as the British like to do, on the basis of equity. It is necessary to do so because as long as the British people feel that Germany suffers from tangible wrongs that can be righted, there is not the slightest hope that any British Government will enter wholeheartedly into any European system of collective security. Indeed, there is every danger, so sentimental and so well-meaning is British opinion to-day, that Germany, deluded by the apparent complacency of British opinion, will be encouraged to make demands or to enter on aggressive policies which will lead to a revulsion of British feeling as surprising to Hitler as British unanimity was

surprising to the Kaiser in 1914. Sooner or later the British public will awaken to the fact that Hitler's claims, although supported by appeals to the British sense of fair play, are the result of the internal crisis which his own economic system produces, and that the best chance is to strengthen those moderate forces in Germany which were opposed to his adventure in the Rhine and which are hoping to modify the fantastic economic and political policy which is driving him to war.

The British instinct is sound which distrusts any system that demands grave departures from justice. But the way to rid ourselves of our bad consciences and to escape from the intolerable position in which Hitler may move in any direction and always claim that he has equity on his side, is for the victors themselves to take the initiative. Hitler's renewed proposals provide an excellent opportunity not only for testing his sincerity but also for proving our own. We must ask once for all what grievances Hitler still believes Germany to suffer under, must concede where concession is possible and make it clear, once this has been done, that the League powers will stand firm and permit no more unilateral breaches of public law. If we shirk this initiative we leave to Hitler opportunities which he will use to aggrandise his power at home and abroad. Twice and perhaps thrice he may succeed by the move of the *fait accompli*, but the fourth or perhaps the fifth exploit means war.

ITALIAN METHODS OF WARFARE

[Mr. G. T. Garratt has just returned from a visit to Abyssinia where he stayed in Harar amongst other places. On March 14th we printed an article written by him in Addis Ababa.]

THE bombing of Harar seems to have struck people's imagination in England, but it is only the culmination of a long series of attacks upon completely defenceless towns and villages. Ever since Italy saw that Ethiopia would not break up into warring factions under pressure from outside, the war has been of a two-fold character. The Italians have advanced from the north and south, cautiously, slowly, and until the beginning of March with a careful avoidance of "white" casualties. Mistakes by Ras Desta and Mulagheeta have twice enabled them to bring their tanks into action against massed levies, but apart from these two occasions their "victories" till this week have been grossly exaggerated for home consumption. The other method of warfare has been to send their aeroplanes cruising well behind the Ethiopian front, to drop bombs wherever they saw a human target. Abyssinia is an immense country, with a very scattered population.

The bombers were usually glad enough to find a group of women working in a field, or else a circle of "tukhuls," the mud huts which are so characteristic of the country. On these they could "unload" and then fly home. The Red Cross units, with their tents and lorries, formed another very conspicuous target, even apart from the Cross. There is no doubt that the Italian policy has been to frighten off these inconvenient witnesses from outside.

The use of poison gas, and the attacks on such a large town as Harar, are merely intensifying the deliberate policy of extermination. I happened to spend part of February in Harar, held up along the Jijiga road by the heavy rains. It is only a market town, poor and rather squalid except for some better houses outside the walls. Most of the inhabitants are Moslem traders, with a fair proportion of British subjects from India or British Somaliland. Haile Selassie was born in the district, of which his father was Governor, but it was a kind of Ethiopian Catalonia, inclined to stress its independence, and the Emperor had never cared to put any great strain on its loyalty. For that reason levies were not raised in the district, and it was not a mobilisation centre. Except for the Swedish base hospital, and the Egyptian Red Cross base which was being got ready, it would have been difficult to see any signs of a war. I got to know the little town and its surroundings quite well. There were no troops there, and no fortifications. The people, I gathered, had arranged to evacuate it if it were bombed, and it is to be presumed that the chief victims were, as always, the sick, the halt, the old, and the women with small children.

One may well ask at what point European opinion, if there is any left, will revolt at the atrocities which are being perpetrated to-day in Ethiopia. There is no excuse for ignorance or doubt about what is being done. This is not merely one in the long series of struggles between the "white civilised" and the "black uncivilised" races. The Ethiopians are articulate. If the Emperor is short of machine guns, he has at least got the wireless. If he cannot improvise an aeroplane squadron he can wield a very cogent pen, as everyone can discover by reading his correspondence with the League of Nations. In this work he is helped by that brilliant and purposeful lady, his daughter the Princess Zahai.

But it is not only the Royal Family which is articulate. There have always been educated classes in Ethiopia, both inside and outside the Church. Of later years the Emperor has been at pains to pick out the cleverer young men, and after they have left school he has given them a kind of roving commission to complete their education abroad. His intention was to develop a new type of Government servant, with the ability to understand what was happening abroad, and if necessary to adapt foreign ideas for use in their own country. The war has interrupted this plan, as it has so many others for modernising Ethiopia, but it has at least ensured that there should be a number of men who can talk French and English fluently, and who can also understand the foreigner's point of view. Young Ethiopia is a very interesting type, with the linguistic ability of the young Indian or Egyptian, and a certain independence of mind free from any truculence. The Abyssinian is, of course, primarily a fighter, like the Sikh or the Pathan, and is weak on the artistic and mechanical side, but the country has produced a cultivated and well-mannered aristocracy. There are also families, sometimes of mixed descent, who are glad to call themselves Ethiopians so long as the country is independent, and who form a convenient link with the outside world. Such I found my hostess in Harar, whom I hope to Heaven the bombs have spared. She was governess to the Emperor's children, talks four European languages as well as Amharic and Arabic, and is one of the most intelligent women whom I have ever had the pleasure of meeting.

If any European wishes to find out what is the real effect of "punitive bombing," Ethiopia provides all the material he needs. Dessie, which now receives a morning "strafe" about every second day, would prove how little good it is to blow up mud walls. He would discover how rapidly the soldiers learn to scatter at the sight of an aeroplane, and the Red Cross records would remind him who are the chief sufferers by its list of disembowelled women and dismembered children. According to Italian propaganda the cutting off of limbs is a common Ethiopian punishment. This appears to be quite untrue, though flogging is common enough. It is, however, to be feared that the war will leave a very considerable number of maimed and blinded children amongst those who have been left behind with their mothers in those little villages which form such an easy target for the bombing aeroplane. At any rate, now is the perfect opportunity for examining the whole question of bombing as a police method applied to a "backward" people. "The toad beneath the harrow knows, where each point of that harrow goes," and it would be an excellent chance for legislators to see things for once from the toad's point of view.

It is hard to gauge the effect of the Italian methods of fighting on the mass of the people, but a few general impressions may be of interest. After the first week or so there seems to have been very little xenophobia. Missionaries wander about the country; Greeks, Armenians and Indians continue to trade; the casual European, like myself, found people, especially away from the towns, courteous and responsive to any effort to be friendly. There is no "colour" feeling, partly because the Amharas and perhaps the Gallas look upon themselves as properly cooked, whereas the European has merely been left underdone, and the local negro burnt to a cinder. The Red Cross workers, especially since the Italians have taken to bombing them systematically and deliberately, have done much to restore a friendly feeling towards the European. Those who look upon the war purely as a struggle of black against white would be shocked to hear the rather contemptuous way in which the ruling class refer to the American negroes who came to help them. The Ethiopian looks upon himself as a good African defending his independent country, not as the leader of a colour crusade. This may explain the extraordinary leniency with which the Emperor has treated various European spies, including, of course, the Italian consuls, who up to the last moment were engaged in the most blatant intrigues against the Government, and were allowed to leave the country after the Italians had begun hostilities without a declaration of war. Since then various shady Europeans have been deported for espionage, who would have been shot on the same evidence by any country engaged in the Great War.

If there is little xenophobia, there is plenty of hatred and contempt for Italy. Mussolini began by making a great mistake. His consuls misled him into believing that the country would break up as soon as he invaded it. Dictators seldom get good advice from their subordinates. Ras Gugsa was "squared" before the war began, but no one of any importance has followed his example, though some of the tribesmen from the "no man's land" of the Danakhil plain have gone over to the side which offers them high pay and good food.

The second serious Italian mistake followed from the first. It was thought that Ethiopia could be conquered without heavy casualties. Since the beginning of March Mussolini has changed his tactics, and has intensified both the campaign proper and also the attacks on non-combatants, but this is not likely to alter the general hatred and contempt which the Ethiopians feel towards the Italians. War is a game which is well understood in Abyssinia, and like most national sports it has its elaborate code. The Italian methods of warfare and their early failure to push home their attacks have led the Ethiopians to despise them. To the Amhara, who enjoys fighting, it seems extraordinary that a white army should come to their country and then leave the actual "scrapping" to their native troops. It would have had the same effect on the North-West Frontier if it had appeared that we always sent our Indian troops into the forefront of the battle. The Pathan would have despised us for ever, and certainly would not now form a valuable part of the Indian Army.

The other great rule which Italy has broken is that the Ethiopian, a rough and ready fighter in many respects, would never kill women. The effect of bombing on the army's morale has been little. The troops soon learnt to avoid losses, and greet the planes with cries of "the cows are coming," the nickname being due to their habit of dropping unpleasant things as they go. But the bombing of huts and churches strikes the Ethiopian as unforgivable, and this contempt will have important results. It is welding Ethiopia into a country, and wherever the "stain of Adowa" may have been wiped out, it is certainly not in Abyssinia itself. Even if Italy manages to occupy part of the country she will always "sit lightly in her throne," while it is to be hoped that the methods by which she has gained a partial success will never be forgotten in Europe.

G. T. GARRATT

HITLER'S "RHINELAND ELECTION"

[FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT IN GERMANY.]

No one with the slightest political intelligence could be misled by the results of the affair comically called an election which took place in Germany last Sunday. But it is important to consider what Hitler is about. In the first place, Hitler's election speeches and his party's election propaganda show marked advances towards the deification of the Leader, and towards his mystical association, together with the German God and the German people, in a new trinity. It is interesting to observe that the other party leaders, and indeed the party as such, have dropped entirely into the background. This is partly a matter of tactics, since all but Hitler have been growing increasingly unpopular on account of their riotous living. But it is also part of Hitler's own development; he now raves hoarsely on every occasion about what He (as if alone) has done and suffered for the people. Election propaganda included giant streamers with the more or less irrelevant words: "The Leader asks you, do you know what it means to see your dearest ones starving and cold?"—just like that. But the new Messiah is, through Germany, to save the world. Everywhere else, the posters said, there were burning convents, rebellions, war; but Germany was an island of peace in the world, and by voting for Hitler you would help him to bring peace on earth. Neither the great Napoleon, nor his nephew, in their wildest flights could have competed with the Adolf Hitler of 1936. The man who was impelled to become the *suprema lex* and shoot his best friends on June 30th, 1934, has developed alarmingly, for his profound belief in himself—his "sleep-walking certainty"—has grown from day to day.

It is generally claimed that Hitler has united Germany. Nowhere in fact is there a nation more divided—except upon the one issue of German sovereignty now so superbly exploited. Between those who admire, and those who despise, the regime, there seems less community of outlook than between Guelfs and Ghibellines. In many families to-day politics are never mentioned, because such bitter cleavages exist, and the closest relations are afraid of one another. During the winter discontent and boredom have, of course, been increasing. The Catholic Rhineland was especially critical; in spite of Nazi attacks against Catholicism the churches were everywhere fuller than when Brüning ruled. People complained that they were taxed to death on behalf of rearmament and got nothing from it. There was certainly plenty of work at Essen or, for example, at the Opel Motor Works between Frankfurt and Mainz, but Frankfurt itself, with the destruction of so many Jewish concerns, had been placed upon a special distressed-area list, while the Saarlanders (except for the metal-workers) were bitterly disillusioned. When the troops first arrived in Cologne there was relatively little enthusiasm; later the Kölners decided that it was good to have the soldiers if only to take the wind out of the S.A.'s sails. In Mainz, with its traditions as a flourishing garrison town before 1914 and with its bitter memories of the French and black troops in the 'twenties, the *Reichswehr* was more keenly welcomed on March 7th, though, even here, older people felt apprehension with this first smell of war. There is a great monument to Gustav Stresemann in Mainz, because he freed the Rhineland; the Nazis have not destroyed this memorial yet, though they have torn Stresemann's great treaty to shreds.

With the middle of March the great Nazi propaganda machine, whose activities already extend far beyond Germany's frontiers, got to work. The methods were very much the same as those used for the plebiscite in the Saar, though the *motif* of battling heroically against an enemy who scarcely exists was even more ludicrous than before. The shadow of an Anglo-Italian police force and the ratification of the Franco-Soviet Pact served the Nazis in good stead. But the essential character of a Nazi propagandist campaign is to work up with a terrific acceleration, whose effect is definitely hypnotic, to

a climax which is completely hysterical. On Monday the 23rd, I spoke with Catholics in the Rhineland who were still convinced, not only that National Socialism was immoral, but that Germany would in a temporal sense be very much further by now if Brüning had remained in power. On the same day the verger in one of Germany's famous churches drew aside my companion to tell him a very naughty Hitler story with great satisfaction. By the end of the week, however, the atmosphere had perceptibly changed. Everywhere election posters crowded more and more thickly upon one another. In every railway station loud speakers roared out unceasing slogans about the Leader who is Freedom, Honour, Peace and Bread; if one took a taxi, one was immediately encased with large labels announcing that "The German Taxi-driver is for Adolf Hitler"; wherever the road was up, a streamer would appear declaring "Thanks to the Führer, we are building here." Armed though one might be with a sceptical nature and a British passport, one had an uncomfortable feeling of being, not merely exasperated or amused, but also undermined. And the essence of the whole game is to link suggestion with fear; the German citizen is kept constantly aware of what has happened or may happen to dissidents; there is consequently little need for actual violence to-day.

Many working-people had "heard" quite definitely that it would be known how they voted, and that everyone who failed to vote for the Führer was to be imprisoned in a concentration camp. Before March 7th the Secret Police had complained of illegal activities—another reason for the move into the Rhineland—but after the 7th the oppositional struggle became more difficult from day to day. Anti-Nazis felt increasingly isolated and, since they all believed the results would be falsified, it was impossible not to feel apathetic. What chance can a few tiny illegal pamphlets headed, "For Germany against Hitler" have of converting a waverer at a time like this? I saw the S.A. come to fetch some people who had failed to vote half-an-hour before the polling stations closed. I heard directly from a Nazi official that voting papers left blank were counted as for Hitler; from the same informant I heard of papers with *Rotfront* defiantly written across them. Any hope for the future, however, lies perhaps rather with rebels within the Nazi fold than with those who are heroically faithful to the pre-Hitler Left.

Nazi Germany is governed by terror and hypnotism. It has three other obvious characteristics: a falling standard of life, a harsh militaristic and implicitly aggressive flavour, and a deep hostility to the best criteria of civilisation. The economic crisis is, of course, obscured by the feverish activity of rearmament, road-making and the rest. Now a new housing drive is expected, and hopes run high that armaments will be in demand abroad and thereby come to the rescue of the export trade. But food prices have risen and quality has deteriorated so that real wages have fallen again, "voluntary contributions" apart. As for the military character of the regime nothing could illustrate this better than the Election of March 29th. The Reichstag in session is nothing but a parade of Nazi leaders, and now an election is admitted to be mere political conscription. In the words of General Blomberg, "The nation which struggled for conscription (Wehrpflicht) as part of its military freedom will also recognise, in its electoral freedom, its electoral duty. . . ."

As for the barbarisation of Germany, the growing plight of the Jews bears witness. I hear from Jewish acquaintances that old friends, who seemed at first unmoved by the anti-Semitic campaign, have cut them in the streets of late; even rich people without jobs to lose do this, because of the jobs they might some day need. In country towns like Mainz, the loathsome *Der Stürmer* is posted up (so that every page is visible) at regular stations about five minutes' walk from one another; the theme last week was the Jews as seducers of boys. "God help the Jews, the Catholics and the oppositional Protestants when once the Olympic Games are over," I heard a man exclaim the other day—a man who knew Germany well and by no means entirely condemned the Nazis.

The pastoral Letter read in the Catholic churches on March 22nd declared that, by voting for Hitler on the 29th, Catholics need not feel they were approving the Nazi system. But that is precisely what 98.9 (*sic*) per cent. of the German electorate has willy-nilly done. This sort of trickery can be indefinitely repeated if no one calls the bluff. British reactions have been duly exploited and have materially helped to bring another success to the intransigent Nazi extremists, full of Pan-German passion, who were opposed by Schacht and the Generals in the matter of marching into the Rhineland. It does not perhaps matter that Popitz may soon succeed Schacht, and that the S.S. may insist on a capital levy. But that Germany's bluff was not called may have catastrophic results. It might have been done. Some of the troops now in Frankfurt (on the Main) or Cologne are the merest boys, and the dearth of officers to train new recruits is palpable. The Reichswehr needs till 1940 to feel really ready, but the sands are running out. Soon we may have to decide whether a German peace, subject that is to say to inspired modification by Herr Hitler at any time, is better or worse than war.

A LONDON DIARY

MR. EDEN'S speech was in many ways admirable. But it had a painfully familiar ring. We had heard that voice before, for it is the incarnation of the Whig tradition. Sir Edward Grey had the same charm, the same disarming simplicity and, above all, the same mastery over the stop of honour. Mr. H. N. Brailsford who was struck, as I was, with the parallel between the situation to-day and the period in which we were building up the Triple Entente told me of an experience worth bearing in mind when we are exploring the implications of a possible Anglo-French alliance. It happened in March, 1907. Mr. Massingham had secured from Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman a signed article for the first number of the *Nation*. It was a manifesto designed to enlarge the scope of the second Hague Conference, for which the Foreign Offices were then preparing. It was a fine plea for disarmament, or at least for the limitation of armaments. Though it contained an eloquent eulogy of the British Navy, it offered, none the less, to go into conference for a general reduction of the world's fleets. A manifesto from one Prime Minister was not enough for Massingham. Clemenceau at the moment was Premier in Paris and it happened that Mr. Brailsford knew him. He went accordingly to Paris to solicit for the *Nation* an article, message or interview seconding C.-B.'s initiative. Clemenceau was cordial enough, but adamant in his refusal to say anything for publication. "Pas un mot, pas une virgule," he chuckled, as he rubbed his hands, with that sadistic geniality that characterised him. Then, as Mr. Brailsford pressed him, he burst out: "It's your navy we want, not your pacifism. The last thing Frenchmen want is that you should reduce your fleet. The stronger it is, the better pleased shall we be." Mr. Brailsford returned to London without his "copy," but with the sense that he had learned a lesson about the meaning of alliances. And yet the Entente Cordiale was a limited tie, confined, if one trusted the documents, to the single issue of Morocco.

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A new and delightful example of American humour is the formation of an Intercollegiate Association of the Veterans of Future Wars which is claiming from Congress pre-payment of the bonus they will have merited after the wars now brewing for them have been fought. They demand an immediate cash payment of $1,000 each as "adjusted compensation" for their part in the next war, maintaining that they have already seen quite as much of it as many of the bonus-benefiting veterans saw of the last one. The movement started last month in Princeton University, was promptly taken up by the University of Virginia, and is spreading. An auxiliary of Potential Gold Star Mothers is forming at the woman's college at Vassar. It is natural that the American Legion

and the Veterans of Foreign Wars should find this example of college-boy irony as uncomfortable as breadcrumbs in bed. More surprising, many people with handles to their names do not even see that their legs are being pulled. Major General Fries, U.S.A. retired, decries the new Association as "a damned fool idea" in the best Blimpian style; Congressman McFarlane thinks the movement "ought to be investigated." Congressman Hamlin of Maine says he knows nothing about it, and "the Government is paying enough pensions already." One lone Democratic Congressman from Texas supports the movement. "I think their scheme is swell!" he is reported as saying. "If we paid for our wars in advance we wouldn't have any wars." One newspaper, also, hails their activities as patriotic, and points out that almost every argument advanced by the World War Veterans to carry their Bonus Bill over the President's veto earlier in the year can be adopted with equal force by these "pre-veterans." The movement is as yet in its infancy. Important points such as becoming caps, a suitable magazine, appropriate medals and the procedure to be followed at National Conventions have still to be settled. But with the example of the older organisations before them, the Veterans of Future Wars should be able to arrange these matters quickly and get down to the chief problem confronting them—the formation and upkeep of their lobby in Washington. I am prepared personally to receive subscriptions from anyone ready to start a similar movement in this country.

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I have received a number of further letters about the conduct of the police outside the Albert Hall. One is from a Conservative and Imperialist who was profoundly shocked to see the police arresting people for "passing remarks" about what he regarded as the very provocative character of the Blackshirts. Another is from a member of the Labour Party who says he did not go to Thurloe Square, but marched in a procession to Kensington and found that many members of it were far from peaceful. If the anti-Fascists had not been out for trouble they would, he argues, have been content with a demonstration in Hyde Park. I want to summarise my views as follows. (1) The evidence is overwhelming that the Thurloe Square meeting was peaceful and that it was broken up without any warning that reached the platform after an appeal had been made to the crowd not to go near the Albert Hall. (2) There were Communists and probably some who were hangers-on, who courted a row near the Albert Hall. These people immensely help the Fascist movement. (3) The Fascists put themselves in a strong position by themselves obeying police orders and having to be protected. (4) Parades of Blackshirts and violent speeches against the Jewish people are in themselves highly provocative. If a uniformed "private army" is allowed to grow in our midst advocating a doctrine whose success would end all our liberties, counter-demonstrations, which will include violent elements, are certain with disastrous results for everyone.

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I referred last week to the attempt to create anti-Semitism in this country. A recent and disgusting move is to distribute in this country the notorious *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion*, which everyone knows to be a pack of malicious nonsense suitable only for the use of Julius Streicher. These documents purport to give an account of the statements laid before "the wise men of Zion" by the leader of the secret Jewish world government. Their object is to explain the methods whereby the overthrow of the Gentile nations might be finally accomplished in order to secure the foundation of the Jewish world state. They were first published in a Russian pamphlet in 1905 and played a prominent part in anti-Semitic literature both before and after the war. They first appeared in England in 1920 and the *Morning Post* and the *Times* published extracts. A year later, however, the *Times* published an article headed "The Truth about the Protocols: a Literary Forgery," in which it was revealed that they had been copied from a lampoon against Napoleon III and that the author himself had been a fierce anti-Semite. Some years later they were published in Switzerland and on May 19th, 1935, a Swiss court declared that the Protocols were forgeries and were of such a nature as to come under the head of obscene literature. The Briton's Publishing Society, however, who have published the Protocols in this country, find odd reasons for accepting their authenticity. "Under Kerensky's successors," says the introduction, "the possession of a copy by anyone in Sovietland was crime sufficient to ensure the owners being shot on sight. The fact is in itself sufficient proof of the genuineness of the Protocols." The introduction also contains an extract from an interview with Mr. Henry Ford, published in the New York *World*. "The only statement I care to make about the Protocols is that they fit in with what is going on." The fact that Mr. Ford repudiated this view a few years later is not, however, mentioned. The translator himself is a little ingenuous. "Who are the Elders?" he asks. "This is the secret which has not been revealed. They are the Hidden Hand."

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"Two good causes have come into conflict. Housing reformers and the preservers of open spaces have got across each other." Thus the *Times* sums up the dispute about Hackney Marshes, at the same time chiding Mr. Morrison for imputing unworthy motives to those who have worked to prevent him carrying out his housing policy. As usual, the motives have been mixed. Some of his opponents were, like Morrison himself, disinterested enthusiasts about open spaces, who happened, unlike Mr. Morrison, to be comfortably in a position to show an Olympian indifference to the insoluble problem of housing slum dwellers without land for building. But the opponents of the L.C.C. plan cannot, I think, all claim the merit of sincere enthusiasm. The L.C.C. in its two years of office has met with bitter opposition from property interests. On the same day as the Court gave its decision on the Hackney Marshes dispute the ratepayers of Stoke Newington met to protest against the acquisition of 64 acres of residential property in order to house 15,000 slum dwellers. If the test to be applied is how to bring as much light, air and sunshine as possible to the children of East London there seems to be a good case for sacrificing 30 acres—about one-tenth—of Hackney Marshes in order to abolish some of the East End slums. In any event, London has no more fervent champion of the green belt round London than Mr. Morrison himself, and I am inclined to accept his judgment as to the method by which two good causes may be reconciled.

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An appeal for funds has been made by the Public Morality Council, under the Presidency of the Bishop of London. This body wishes to spend £3,000 this year on such activities as "the closing of disorderly houses and night clubs," "the prevention of improper conduct in London's open spaces," and "the suppression of indecent publications." It seems that the police are inadequate to their task, and so streets and parks must be patrolled by representatives of the Council to prevent us making friends with strangers, or kissing under a tree. In the United States they call the individuals engaged in this enjoyable occupation "smut-hounds," and the ineffable follies committed there by prurient busybodies are a warning of what we may expect if the Public Morality Council achieves its aims. It has already supported the attempt to bring non-inflammable films under the censorship, and its activities will require careful watching for political as well as social reasons. Unluckily it is always easier to get funds for the destruction than for the preservation of freedom. Soon we shall have old ladies disguised as window-cleaners looking for *Ulysses* on our shelves, and for nudes on our walls. I hope that the police authorities will discourage this attempt to do their work for them. Is it not, incidentally, very old-fashioned of the Bishop to use the words "Public Morality" in the narrow and exclusive sense of "sexual morality"? It should be said that the younger clergy consider social justice is at least as important as chastity in the Christian ethic.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. E. M. Davidson.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

I want to see Golden Miller win for the horse's sake rather than my own. He is in the position of having to redeem his character, but I fear neither course nor jumps, as I am sure he is about the most honest horse ever.—Golden Miller's owner in *Evening Standard*.

One afternoon in Arran I saw ten fairies playing out and in among gorse bushes and round about the grazing sheep. The sheep were quite undisturbed except that if a fairy went too near one of them it would trot off a few yards.—Letter in *John o' London's Weekly*.

The attack on Goldsmith's comedy *She Stoops to Conquer* was made by the Rev. L. Short, pastor of Lydgate Chapel, Holmfirth, last night, only three days before the local Amateur Dramatic Society produces the comedy. He condemned the play from his pulpit. After stating that a large number of people believed the teaching of the play that all was fair in love and war and that it was right to stoop to conquer, he added: "Against this kind of immoral reasoning I, as a minister of religion, wish to protest. It has eaten like a canker into all departments of life. We have to thank the bad ethics taught by such plays as *She Stoops to Conquer*," he said, "for nearly all the irregularities, for all the adulteration of foods, tricks of trade, sweated labour, slacking and faking by men, jerry building and hoodwinking which are deeply rooted in our commercial, industrial and political life."

After denouncing the play for its alleged hypocrisy and deceit, Mr. Short stated that Goldsmith had written it because he needed money. It had a bad plot and not a single decent character.—*Daily Mail*.

Boy who is promising CRICKETER can be received Public School NEXT TERM at specially reduced fees of £69 per annum.—Write Box S.533, *The Times*, E.C.4.—*The Times*.

Nearly 200 mothers, the hostesses of the coming season, are expected to attend the committee meeting to-day in connection with the Queen Charlotte Hospital Charity Ball on May 18th. The buzz and chatter which always attend this meeting will be more excited than usual because the general feeling is that mourning has become "psychologically impossible" and that some lead must be given regarding a way out of the present social impasse.—*News Chronicle*.

It seems to have been overlooked that there is a definitely lower standard of conduct in war to-day.—Letter in *Times*.

Mr. Fordham, for the defence, said Humphrey disclaimed all knowledge that the sardines seized in December were those that had been sent back to Portugal previously and which were never condemned. "We take the view," added Counsel, "that they were inferior, though good fish, not good enough for this country, but good enough for abroad."—*Times* report of defence in prosecution for selling fish unfit for consumption; defendant sent to prison for three months.

OIL FROM COAL

MOSES smote the rock and water gushed forth. The ancient miracle is as nothing compared with that wrought by Sir Harry McGowan, who waves his wand over coal and turns it into oil. But the direct hydrogenation of coal, as practised at the Billingham Works of Imperial Chemical Industries, is only one of several methods of obtaining oil from coal. Behind them are three great impulses, one technical, one economic, one military. (*a*) Technically, liquid fuels have advantages over coal—ease of handling, cleanliness, greater thermal value for the same volume, and so on—for many purposes for which they can both be used. (*b*) In addition, liquid fuels serve one purpose for which coal cannot at present be used in any shape or form, as a fuel for internal combustion engines. The demand for such fuels rises annually, but the demand for coal has fallen heavily, and herein lies the economic impulse in the move to produce oil from coal. (*c*) One of the purposes for which oil is—notwithstanding Mr. Bernard Acworth and Lord Lloyd—greatly superior to coal is for fuelling in the Navy: among the many reasons are increased range for given volume, maintenance of top speed without extra call on *personnel*, and the smaller crew required. The mechanised units of the Army call for an increasing supply of oil, and the Air Force can fly upon petroleum spirit but not upon coal. At a time of increasing international tension more and more people are reminding themselves that almost all our oil has to be imported.

These are the three big motives in the oil-from-coal rush, and the most powerful is the last—that which is, for some mysterious reason, always described at shareholders' meetings as the "national argument." That industry or motorists should have a cheap fuel is not regarded as a "national argument," but herein lies the only reason why there is not an oil-from-coal plant in every coal field. The oil so produced can compete with imported oil only with the preference of 8*d*. a gallon. A preference of 4*d*. a gallon in theory and 8*d*. in practice has been guaranteed by the Government for several years ahead, and the passage of the British Hydrocarbon Oils Production Act 1934 was the signal for the burst of activity which we are now witnessing.

Without delving deeply into chemistry, it may be noted that carbon and hydrogen are the two main elements in coal; that the petroleum oils are hydrocarbon compounds; and that the problem of converting one into the other is a matter of coaxing the carbon and hydrogen in coal, possibly with the help of extra hydrogen, to combine, or recombine, in the desired proportion. This problem may be attacked directly, as in the hydrogenation of coal; or oil and motor-spirit may be recovered as by-products in some process of coal treatment.

When coal is distilled or carbonised (heated in a closed retort) the products are coke, gas and tar, the qualities and quantities of the products varying with the conditions of the reaction. Coal is carbonised at high temperatures (round about 1,000 deg. Centigrade) for the production both of gas and of coke as the main product. At both gas-works and coke-ovens a hydrocarbon oil named benzol may be recovered from the gas by a process known as "scrubbing." Benzol is an admirable motor-spirit, superior in its anti-knock rating to ordinary motor-fuels, and is mixed with imported petrol to form the well-known National blend. In 1934 about 40 million gallons of refined motor benzol was produced in Great Britain. On the basis of coal carbonised, 97½ per cent. of the coke industry recovers the benzol but only 37½ per cent. of the gas industry. If all gas works and coke-ovens recovered the benzol, 60–70 million gallons would be obtained annually. The British consumption of motor-spirit was 1,325 million gallons in 1935.

In the tar produced at coke-ovens and gas works is a lighter fraction named creosote, and a certain proportion of this is used as a fuel oil.

When coal is carbonized at lower temperatures, round about 600 deg. Centigrade, the gas is richer in its nature and can be "stripped" to yield an excellent motor-spirit, i.e., the spirit vapours present in the gas can be separated and condensed. The crude spirit so obtained amounts on the average to about 2.9 gallons for every ton of coal carbonised. The yield of tar rises to about 20 gallons for each ton of coal carbonised, and it has a greater oily content than tar produced at high temperatures. Its constituents can be separated by "fractional distillation" to give light oil, middle oil, heavy oil and pitch.

Low-temperature carbonisation is therefore a better source of oil and motor-spirit than high-temperature carbonisation. But the tar and gas are by-products and the amount produced depends on the demand for the main product, a semi-coke amounting by weight to about 15 cwt. for every ton of coal carbonised. This semi-coke retains enough volatile matter to light easily but not enough to give out smoke when it has started burning; for that reason it makes a good domestic fuel. Vigorous attempts are being made, on the grounds of cleanliness, health, greater radiant efficiency, etc., to get this semi-coke burnt instead of coal in the domestic grate. On the success

of these efforts depends the quantity of motor-spirit which can be produced by low-temperature carbonisation.

Until quite recently the commercial history of this process was the history of one firm, Low Temperature Carbonisation, Ltd., with two plants in Yorkshire and another run under licence at Greenwich. Its smokeless fuel, Coalite, is well known, and its light spirit and heavy oil are taken by the Air Force and the Royal Navy. Since the passage of the British Hydrocarbon Oils Production Act other firms have entered the field, and among them the National Coke and Oil Company, Ltd., is specially active. It has plants in operation at Tipton and Erith, and proposes to establish others near Manchester, Edinburgh and Cardiff, and possibly Jarrow. This firm claims that it produces 15 gallons of motor-spirit for every ton of coal carbonised, a remarkably high yield which is certified by Dr. C. H. Lander, formerly the Government's Director of Fuel Research. The Directors do not propose to ask more than 45*s.* a ton for their smokeless fuel, Naco, and are actually demanding less. In this they are setting a good example; indeed, the future of the low-temperature carbonising industry depends on selling solid fuel at least as cheaply as coal.

In these processes motor-spirit is a by-product; in the hydrogen process it is the main, or rather the only, product. This is the process which is now being carried out on a huge scale at the Billingham works of Imperial Chemical Industries and the Leuna works of the German Dye Trust. In this process coal is pulverised, mixed with heavy oil to form a paste and forced with hydrogen into a metal chamber called a converter. The reaction between the coal and the hydrogen takes place in the converter at the moderate temperature of 450 deg. Centigrade and the very high pressure of 200 atmospheres.

The hydrogen combines with the hydrocarbon matter in the coal, and even with the fixed carbon of the coal substance, to form hydrocarbon oils and gases of various kinds. The gases are used in the process and the oils are refined or further treated. From the original experiments it was estimated that 100 tons of coal would yield 62 gallons of motor-spirit and that the cost of making a gallon of motor-spirit would be about 7d. a gallon (including 2d. for the cost of coal). In practice the yield has been exceeded, but nothing has so far been disclosed on the question of price. The plant can be used for the hydrogenation of tar and creosote as well as coal, and is so being used. It is intended to produce 150,000 tons of motor-spirit annually (about 45,000,000 gallons, or $3\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. of the national consumption). The capital cost of this works is hard to estimate as the plant for the manufacture of hydrogen was already on the spot, but it is round £5,000,000.

Motor-spirit is now being obtained in Germany by the Kogasin process, which means the hydrogenation of water-gas. As water-gas is obtained by passing steam through red-hot coke, this is another method of obtaining motor-spirit from coal. It has the advantage over the hydrogenation of coal that the reaction takes place at atmospheric pressure, but it appears to be even more expensive.

These are the methods by which oil and motor-spirit are at present obtained from coal as the ultimate raw material. Though not strictly relevant, it may be observed that hopeful experiments have been made for several years with compressed coal-gas as a motor-fuel. No attempt has been made in this article to indicate the effect on the national economy of producing from home sources all our requirements of oil and motor spirit. Such attempts, though commonly made, are misleading because of the factors they omit. It is highly desirable that the present experiments in the production of oil from coal should be actively prosecuted. It is also desirable, especially at the present time, that exaggerated hopes should not be entertained. In particular, the production of oil from coal cannot in itself solve the coal industry's problems. If all the oil and motor-spirit needed in this country were produced by hydrogenation of coal, the additional number of miners needed would be about 120,000; but the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who stands to lose £44,000,000 a year in revenue, might prefer to pay them £6,000,000 a year in doles.

IVOR THOMAS

CHRISTIAN NAMES

I WAS told the other day of a lady, just dead, who had been called Alma after the battle of that name, which was fought in the same year in which she was born. It was the first time I had ever heard of anybody with a pretty name who had been called after a battle. How fortunate she was in comparison with all those Ladysmith Mafeking Kimberley Joneses who were born during the Boer War! Even the last war produced few names of battles that could be regarded as beautiful: I can think only of Caporetto as a name that might decorate a hero of romance.

How many children are grateful to their parents for the names given them in baptism? I have known a girl to complain bitterly of having been called Dorcas, not because the name itself is ugly, but because its Hebrew form is Tabitha. Dorcas, I see in Mr. Eric Partridge's *Name This Child* (Methuen, 6*s.*) means "gazelle" and has, therefore, the most charming associations. I do not know whether Arnold Bennett resented his having been given Enoch as his first name: he certainly dropped it in later life. In an age in which the reading of the Bible is no longer universal, many Biblical names have come to sound exotic and even faintly ridiculous. To some people they always sounded faintly ridiculous, and I remember regarding a boy at school as half a foreigner simply because he was called Ebenezer. I do not think the cult of Biblical names was ever so general among the Puritans of Scotland and Ireland as among the Puritans of England. It would have been impossible in the Ireland of my youth to find anybody with a name like Israel Kneebone. In England, however, Hepzibah—signifying "My delight in her"—was once common enough, and even Mehetabel—meaning, perhaps, "How good is God!"—remained popular in the nineteenth century. Most civilised parents would now think that, in giving such names to their children, they were perpetrating a ghastly joke. I imagine few Obadiahs were christened last year in England. Uriah probably died with Uriah Heap, and the Abimelechs are no more. Among the obsolete or obsolescent Biblical names mentioned by Mr. Partridge I find Ananias. With what motive, I wonder, did parents ever brand a son with a name so infamous? Had they longed for a girl and wished to punish the child for being a boy? Or were they cynics who agreed with one of my schoolmasters that all boys are liars?

There are some people who believe that the name given to an infant exerts a powerful influence on its later life. Obviously, when American parents name their first-born son Homer they are filled with the hope that they have presented him with one of the first essentials of genius. It is in the same optimistic spirit that parents used to bestow the name Christian on their sons. I have known some of these Christians in their teens and I confess I could see few signs that the name had played any part in the moulding of their characters. The only instance I know of a name's being a pointer to the subsequent career of the boy who bore it is the unhappy Jabez Balfour. Did his father and mother, when they saddled him with that heavy-sounding name, realise that it meant "sorrow"? And would he have had a happier fate if they had called him Isaac, which means laughter? The change of names might conceivably have wrought a change of destinies. On the other hand, it might not.

It is certainly the case that most of the people we know seem to be suitably named. Their names appear almost inevitable for people possessing just those features and those characters. I have scarcely a friend whom I can imagine being rightly described by any other name than his own. You will have observed the same thing in public life. Mr. Stanley Baldwin simply had to be called Stanley Baldwin. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald with any other name but Ramsay MacDonald would be sailing under false colours. A surname may be inappropriate—John Keats's for example

—but a Christian name scarcely ever. There are people who hold that the more fitting part of Shelley's name was not his Christian name but his surname and that Mary Godwin showed an instinctive feeling for right nomenclature when on a famous occasion she addressed him not as "Percy" but as "Shelley." I cannot help feeling, however, that Percy Bysshe Shelley is no bad description of the poet both in his life and in his work. It is the same with Algernon Charles Swinburne. At his greatest, he was undoubtedly Swinburne, but there was also a touch of Algernon. I see in *Name This Child* that the name Algernon "has a slightly comic origin, for it means 'whiskered,' from the Norman *als gernons*, the whiskered (man)." What name could be more expressive of the Victorian element in Swinburne's innocent desire to shock his contemporaries?

I have sometimes admired the courage of parents who give a son a name such as Hercules. To do so seems to be inviting the ridicule of fate. What if little Hercules should grow up to be a weedy weakling, a muff at games, an unmuscular bookworm? But he never does. The first Hercules I ever knew was an enormous butcher. Parents are always right. Or nearly always.

The truth is, parents are seldom more in earnest than when choosing names for their babies; and in their intense earnestness of mood they rise to prophetic heights of vision. There used to be parents with so little reverence for names that they would give their children not names but numbers, such as Tertius and Septimus. They were always in the minority, however, and they may be excused on the ground that they lived at a time when there were so many children that there were scarcely enough names to go round. The ordinary parent on the other hand, took real trouble with the name and, where possible, would try to bestow on his son a name that would equip him with the best qualities of some relative, preferably a rich one. Many a boy has found himself heir to a fortune simply because he was christened John or Alfred.

The one thing to which parents are mostly indifferent when naming a child is the essential beauty of the name. It is, no doubt, for aesthetic reasons that a number of girls are named Gladys and Gwendolen, but it is difficult to believe that it was love of beauty that ever led a father to call his son James or George, Thomas or Robert. There is a curiously prosaic quality in most boys' names, as though romance and poetry were unmanly. In our own time with its increasing population of Antonys and Michaels and Christophers there has been a slight tendency to more romantic nomenclature; but even to-day how few are the parents who would have the courage to give a son the beautiful Irish name, Hyacinth! How rare again is the noble name Aloysius! The French are more daring with their Achille and Aristide, and from South Africa we had recently a bowler named Xenophon; but the name Ulysses is reported to be dying out even in America. Hannibal, it is said, has always been a popular name in Cornwall; but I have never been lucky enough to meet a Hannibal in real life.

It was with some interest that I read through Mr. Partridge's list of obsolete and obsolescent English names and tried to find one or two that might be worthy of revival. I confess I was disappointed in my search. Who would blast a boy's career by sending him out into the world called Herod? Who would subject him to the ridicule of his schoolmates by calling him Hodaiah or Jehoiachin, Hutchin or Izod? Willibald and Winibald have little more to be said for them. Peredur and Vulfgar look more like telegraphic addresses than like the names of children. There is one use, however, to which some of these obsolete names might be put. Novelists in search of names for their characters which could not involve them in a libel action because no human beings with such names could conceivably exist, might join two of these forgotten names together—one as christian name and one as surname—and bestow it on the chief character. No novelist would be in any danger in ascribing even the shadiest adventures to Mr. Palafox Vulfnot. You might impute to Mr. Vercingetorix Ricehard all the crimes in the company-promoters' calendar and the most crooked-souled speculative solicitor would go libel-hunting through your pages in vain. Telemachus Walwine may sound like the name of a City man who had done more for the benefit of himself than of his fellow-creatures, but you will be able to tell the truth about him, for he does not exist. Then there is Banquo Hardwig, a lawyer deeply in debt because of his double life. In this list, indeed, there are enough names to permute and combine to stock even a ten-and-sixpenny novel with characters.

I trust, however, no misguided antiquary will try to reintroduce any of these perished names into ordinary life. Among names, it is certain, it is mostly the fittest that have survived; and, with a declining birth-rate, we have no need to go ranging among such antiquities as Vigheard or Neot. Mr. Vernon Bartlett has been complaining in the *Times* that too many Bartletts have been given the same Christian name as himself. But how would he like to have been called Zerubabel? Or Vulfherc? Parents, I repeat, are always right.

Y. Y.

TURBULENT PRIESTS

"Who are these ignorant clergymen who presume to give H.M. Government advice on Foreign Affairs? . . . The most dangerous, insidious and fatal enemy of recruiting . . . was sloppy, irrational, nonsensical pacifism."—The Secretary of State for War, March 24th.

BRITAIN on pillars twain
rose from the azure Main,
Church lashed to State!
Ministers thought for all,
Brave soldiers fought for all,
parsons besought for all
at Heaven's gate.

Famed for complete success,
this blest device no less
fades from the scene;
Prelates their prayers refuse,
Chapters barge in with views,
over wide wastes of pews
Dean cries to Dean.

Practising Christian cranks
preach in the Commons' ranks
pacifist slop;
but when the clergy mix
Gospel and politics,
anti-war heretics,
where will it stop?

When War-Lords say Ha ha!
Britons, *pro patria*,
fly at their foes.
God bless our country's call!
God guide Dictators all!
(May God if war befall
help our C.O.s!)

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

THE RETURN TO ANARCHY

SIR,—Events are rapidly justifying the forecast made in your leader, "The Return to Anarchy." The White Paper on defence says that the Government's foreign policy has in no way changed and that its attitude to collective security still remains that described in the White Paper of March 1st, 1935. But the Government's policy, as revealed in the Far East, at the Disarmament Conference, in its passivity while there was still time to prevent the Italo-Abyssinian war and in its half-hearted sanctions and attempts at a raw deal with Mussolini, as well as in the White

Paper of March 1st, 1935, has been a virtual repudiation of Articles 10 and 16 of the Covenant and a *de facto* return to power politics and international anarchy.

In the Locarno proposals and the speeches by Messrs. Eden and Chamberlain, on the other hand, the Government have moved towards alliances, and although lip-service to the collective system continues, there are ominous signs that even the 10 per cent. application of the Covenant to Italy may end in a new Hoare-Laval deal crowned by an Anglo-French loan.

Mr. Eden and Mr. Chamberlain made it clear in the House that in pursuance of "the underlying purpose of British foreign policy throughout history," the Government were interested in guaranteeing peace in the Low Countries. As for the rest of Europe, the Government agreed entirely, said Mr. Eden, with those isolationists who argued that "we should disentangle ourselves from Europe . . . when, owing to obligations elsewhere, our neighbours may become involved in conflict and may call for help in a quarrel that is not ours." It is true that this statement was qualified by references to the Government's intention to share with the other Members of the League in standing by our obligations under the Covenant in case of war in Central or East Europe. But, added Mr. Eden and Mr. Chamberlain, the Government would not go an inch beyond its existing obligations. And what that means is made clear by lurid precedents: if Hitler attacks and sets up a "Naziquo" in Austria or Czechoslovakia, the Government may take part in appointing a Committee of Inquiry and may block any attempt to break with the aggressor, let alone to apply sanctions—that is the way it stood by the Covenant in the Far East. Or it may, in the course of weeks and months, take part in devising and leisurely applying economic and financial penalties, which, however, would not prevent us selling Germany a variety of British goods, including oil, coal, iron and steel, nor British ships trading with German ports, nor the German Ambassador remaining in London and our Ambassador in Berlin, nor Germany (if she has returned to the League) continuing to be an honoured permanent Member of the League Council, called upon to co-operate in, say, a crisis in the Far East, and meanwhile bargaining behind the scenes as to how much of Austria or Czechoslovakia she would be satisfied with as the price of peace. That is the way we are applying sanctions to Italy.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's *Newsletter* advocates in effect a West European alliance and a free hand for Hitler to make war in the rest of Europe. The Locarno proposals are meaningless unless British and French policy is directed to doing a deal with Mussolini that will enlist him as an ally against Germany. That means annexations in Abyssinia and a big loan to enable the Duce to cope with the horrors of peace. There is not much doubt that the French Government are anxious to raise sanctions as a preliminary to such a policy. That, too, is the attitude of a substantial part of the Government press and of all those in the Government, the City, and the Foreign Office who backed the Hoare-Laval proposals (and the abortive Paris deal in August) until defeated by Mussolini's intransigeance and the public outcry.

But any arrangement that saves Mussolini by condoning his aggression (which is the only way the Fascist regime can be saved) means the destruction of Articles 10 and 16 of the Covenant (on which collective security is founded), Hitler's proposals make it clear that he is prepared to return to the League only on the assumption that those Articles are a dead letter. That, too, is what a large part of the National Government and the Tory Party have always meant by "reforming" the League. The League is to be made universal by making it safe for treaty-breakers and aggressors.

In short, while taking the names of the League and of its collective system in vain, we are rapidly drifting toward a new Balance of Power, maintained by the formation of alliances and by a new arms race. The League is becoming simply a new Concert of Europe within which the diplomatic manoeuvring for these ends takes place.

Mr. Dalton and Mr. Attlee, in the debate on March 26th, put forward the Labour Party's policy for rebuilding the collective system that the Government are destroying. Labour's policy for reviving the League is contained in *For Socialism and Peace* and in the late Mr. Arthur Henderson's book, *Labour's Way to Peace*.

But is not the time approaching when Labour must apply its proclaimed "world peace loyalty" by warning the Government that they will be held responsible if the collective system is destroyed, that if it is destroyed the Government will be driven into armed isolation or alliances, and that in either case there will no longer be any difference between self-defence and the use of war as an instrument of national policy? Labour is pledged to resist the use of war as an instrument of national policy. Therefore, if the Government suffer the collective system to be destroyed, they will compel the Labour Movement to organise for war resistance.

Is it not time the Labour Party began to think about what conclusions should be drawn from these facts? I drew some in the letter you kindly printed on February 22nd, and you drew more in your admirable leading article of that date, entitled "Labour and the Arms Race." But there should be prolonged discussion on this subject in preparation for the Annual Conference, unless we of the Labour Movement are ready to scrap our foreign policy and to regard ourselves merely as potential cannon-fodder in the next "inevitable" war.

"COVENANTER"

THE ABYSSINIAN LOAN

SIR,—My letter regarding the Abyssinia Association which you were good enough to publish in your issue of March 14th aroused a gratifying response which encourages me to address you on another subject—the dire need of financial assistance to the Ethiopian Government. Contrary to the reports of certain newspaper correspondents (not the *Times* or *Manchester Guardian*) there are no enormous hordes of wealth in the country on which the Government can draw. The Emperor and the nobles and chieftains have already contributed almost the whole of their private fortunes to the war fund and the people have contributed heavily in cash and jewellery.

All this is quite insufficient for the conduct of the war, which necessarily costs thousands of pounds a day, although Ethiopian troops manage with the absolute minimum of transport and equipment. It is greatly to be regretted that the League of Nations shows no sign of reconsidering its decision not to grant financial assistance to Abyssinia.

Financial aid to the victim of aggression is a recognised principle of collective security; and it may be urged that all who believe that the world's peace can be assured only by developing collective action should individually do whatever they can in affording that assistance which Governments are unwilling to grant.

With such considerations in view attempts have been made by the Abyssinia Committee to arrange for the issue of a loan to the Ethiopian Government by one or other of the City houses; but in spite of repeated applications Treasury sanction for a public issue on commercial lines was not forthcoming. In these circumstances the Committee decided that the Loan should be issued privately, arrangements being made from this office. A limited circulation has been given to the Prospectus of a 6 per cent. loan, and a number of subscriptions have been received.

The Committee is assured that, when happier times come, the Emperor's Government will make it a point of honour that the obligations of the loan shall be scrupulously met. Obviously, however, subscriptions are not invited on the merits of the loan as an investment, for an undeveloped country fighting for its existence can offer no real security. Subscriptions are already coming from people who have been prompted by sympathy and a sense of moral obligation to a country which has secured no protection from its membership of the League of Nations; but a much larger sum is necessary.

In conclusion, perhaps I should explain that the Abyssinia Committee is a pioneer body formed last autumn which is now promoting the formation of the Abyssinia Association. Full particulars of the loan can be had from Messrs. Howard, Howes and Co., Chartered Accountants, Norfolk House, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.2, or from the Hon. Secretary, Abyssinia Committee, at the address below.

H. STANLEY JEVONS

225 Grand Buildings,
Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

A MINISTRY OF DEFENCE

SIR,—The Minister for Co-ordination has announced his intention of interfering as little as possible in the work of the service departments. This is confirmation of the widely spread belief that the appointment is eyewash and will leave things very much as they are.

I hold very strongly that something more than a Co-ordinator or Prime Minister's factotum is required and am sure that we ought to work towards a Minister of Defence. But however that may be the appointment of a Minister of Supply is far more

important than and should have preceded that of a Co-ordinating Minister. It is essential that Supply should be got out of the Service Departments and combined under one Minister. Instead of doing this we have taken the retrograde step of appointing a new official, a Director of Supply at the Air Ministry, who will proceed to stake out more private claims and ground for that Ministry and create new vested interests which will make the whole tangle more difficult to clear up than ever. Eventually the pressure of the example of other countries will force us to a Minister of Supply, so why not now? Such a Minister should also take over responsibility for those very ticklish questions of allocation of man power which arise in peace and war and for this purpose should gather under his wing the Man Power Sub-Committee and Principal Supply Officers Sub-Committee of the Committee of Imperial Defences. His tasks should cover research, experiment, invention, tests, fulfilment by industry of the weapon and equipment requirements of the Services and the co-ordination of peace-time industrial production with war-time munitions production. This Minister should be outside the Cabinet and probably the best defence arrangement would be that the political heads of the three Service Departments should also be taken out of the Cabinet and with the Minister of Supply placed under a Minister of Defence. The Service Departments should remain responsible for internal administration, appointments to high commands, conduct of operations, formulation of weapon and equipment requirements but not for war planning or supply.

For war plans I would make the Minister of Defence Chairman of the Chiefs of Staff Committee and tell him to take the Committee of Imperial Defence as the raw material out of which (with any necessary importations of new blood from the Imperial Defence College, etc., that were necessary) to construct a Planning Department. The Minister of Defence would consult the Prime Minister and Cabinet on the war plans as drafted by his Planning Department and, after approval, pass them to the Service Departments, at the same time allocating to each service its function in the plan. Each service would then formulate its weapon, etc., requirements to enable it to fulfil its function, and these requirements would be passed to the Minister of Supply to co-ordinate and pass to industry for fulfilment.

This, or something like it, we shall eventually be driven to. It is a pity not to make a start at once and save time instead of wasting it with a Co-ordinating Minister in whom nobody believes. I make these three points in conclusion. The final and supreme authority and power of veto of the Prime Minister must be maintained; the Minister of Defence must be kept free of all detail work and deal only with results and major problems; we should get on with a Minister of Supply *at once*. D. FLETCHER

House of Commons.

POLICE AND PUBLIC

SIR,—The great volume of further evidence which the National Council for Civil Liberties has now received makes it clear, despite Sir John Simon's statement in the House of Commons on Wednesday, March 25th that a public inquiry is most necessary in the interest of the public. This evidence falls into three categories:

(1) The police baton charge into a peaceable stationary crowd in Thurloe Square, which is at least half a mile from the Albert Hall, was unprovoked.

(2) Despite occurrences at previous Fascist meetings the public was not adequately protected by the small force of thirty police inside the hall itself, whereas there were over 2,000 police on duty outside the hall. The police within the hall did not interfere to prevent breaches of the peace when asked to do so by members of the public.

(3) On account of the meeting in the Albert Hall, a considerable area, including two main thoroughfares, was shut off from public use—an unprecedented event for political meetings in England.

Further statements from eye-witnesses should be sent to this office as soon as possible. RONALD KIDD,

The National Council for Civil Liberties, Secretary
99a, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

SIR,—I do not wish to criticise the account in the "London Diary" of Sir Oswald Mosley's meeting at the Albert Hall, except to call your attention to one passage, "A Fascist official near the Press table (at which, by the way, there were large empty spaces reserved for the Italian and the German Press) was heard to shout in anger 'you reporters take that down, damn you!'"

I was the Fascist official on duty by the Press table, and it was my business to see that the Press whom we had invited, both British and foreign, should receive every courtesy. I was immediately adjacent to the *New York Times, Morning Post, Daily Mail* and *Times* representatives, and the most friendly of relationships prevailed between us. The only episode during the meeting to which your contributor can conceivably refer was an occasion when a scuffle took place in the main body of the hall. The *Morning Post* and *Daily Mail* correspondents commented on this in some such words as "Look at them punching him," and I replied "Yes: two men in tweed coats and red ties punching a Blackshirt on the ground." They agreed it was so and made a note of the fact. The only other conversation I had with the Press representatives during the meeting was to supply such information as the *New York Times* desired in explanation of certain points raised by Sir Oswald Mosley.

You are at liberty to make what comments you please upon the subject matter or methods of our propaganda, but if you are fair you will withdraw this unfounded charge of my having used offensive language to the guests of our organisation.

With regard to the parentheses in your statement which I have quoted, the "large empty spaces" did not exist. They were filled with those for whom they had been reserved, namely half a dozen Press representatives each of the German and Italian nations, who naturally desire the opportunity of reporting to their countrymen a great mass meeting in favour of peace and not war against them. J. A. MACNAB,

Sanctuary Buildings, For the British Union of Fascists
S.W.1.

[Critic did not suggest that the words were used by Mr. Macnab. They were shouted to the reporters during Sir Oswald Mosley's speech by another Fascist official close by. The curious incident referred to in which young men in tweed suits and red ties had the opportunity of punching a Blackshirt was not observed by any of the reporters we have questioned on the subject. There were usually several Blackshirts to one interrupter.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

PICKWICK CENTENARY

SIR,—Your more erudite readers will know that, according to tradition, Charles Dickens found the name of the immortal Mr. Pickwick in Bath. May I make the fact known to those Pickwick lovers whose literary history may be weak?

The original Mr. Pickwick was the well-known coach proprietor of the White Hart Inn, whom Dickens met during his various visits to Bath a hundred years ago, and on the site of the original White Hart Inn, now the Grand Pump Room Hotel, there is to-day a mural tablet bearing these words:

On this site stood
THE WHITE HART INN
Demolished 1867
Eleazer & Moses Pickwick
Proprietors.

Dickens, I may perhaps recall, first visited Bath on his way to report a by-election in 1835. He was so impressed with the beauties and interest of the city that he visited it again the following year. The result of his observations was seen in *Pickwick Papers*.

22 Pulteney Street, Bath. T. STURGE COTTERELL,
Bath Branch, Dickens Fellowship

AMERICA AND JAPAN

SIR,—Sir Francis Lindley's letter printed in your issue of March 7th, inquiring on what authority you based your statement that Sir John Simon turned down America's offer of co-operation against Japan, elicited a reply from you which, I think, adequately answered his question.

As one who watched the development and progress of the events referred to—not from Washington but from a still better vantage-point, namely, New York—I can assure your correspondent that in January, 1932, America was ready to take very drastic action against Japan. Feeling ran very high. It was fully expected by everyone that Mr. Stimson's Note to Japan of January 7th, 1932, would be supported not alone by Britain but by all the League Powers, and that Japanese aggression would be quickly nipped in the bud. For one who was not here at the time it would be difficult to imagine with what astonishment and disgust the British attitude was received by the populace and by the press. Once more England and the League had let America down, and as you say, a golden opportunity of associating America more closely with the League was thrown away. England's conduct in the Japanese and Italo-Ethiopian crises has caused the majority of Americans to feel that upon the shoulders of no

other nation does the mantle of hypocrisy hang so gracefully as upon those of the British, and as for the League—that is the creature, or rather the victim, of the European Powers who are considered to use the League as a sort of smoke-screen.

It is quite apparent to the Americans that the Europeans are playing a very dirty game, and that the players are not to be trusted. Is it any wonder then that the Americans have fallen completely out of sympathy with the League and the Europeans who "run" it?

New York City. ASHLEY MONTAGU

PETHICK-LAWRENCE PORTRAIT FUND

SIR,—Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence have long wished to offer them some public recognition of the splendid services which they have given for many years to the causes of suffrage, freedom, and international good-will.

It is, therefore, proposed to present Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence with their portraits. A Committee has been formed to carry out this plan and has been fortunate in securing the co-operation of Dame Laura Knight, R.A., who has kindly consented to undertake the work. This will constitute a permanent and national tribute. We feel sure that all those who know Mr. and Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence, or have worked with them, will welcome this opportunity of expressing their appreciation in a lasting way. Donations will be welcomed and should be addressed to Henrietta Leslie, Glebe House, Glebe Place, London, S.W.3.

26 West End Lane, N.W.6. DOROTHY BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH
VERA BRITTAIN
S. W. NEWSOME HENRIETTA LESLIE
EVELYN SHARP ELEANOR RATHBONE, M.P.

BRITISH OPINION

SIR,—Reading the signs of British public opinion in the Spanish press during the past two weeks one felt that people in England had gone stark staring mad. Here is Herr Hitler proclaiming, by his action and in speech after speech, the feudal doctrine of *Faustrecht* and making a mockery of Europe's timid first steps towards instituting a rule of law in the international sphere, and he gets clamorous support from those very elements which are supposed to be championing the cause of the League and collective security. Not only from the "old incorrigibles" in the Cabinet—in the phrase of "Vigilantes"—and interested parties on the Right and in the City, but from Liberal, Labour and, apparently, L.N.U. sections of opinion, the same which only last December arose and smote an Anglo-French compromise patently belonging to the era of power-politics!

Thank God for THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, I said, when I read your leading article in the issue of March 21st! Here is one sane group of students of international affairs. What with the sentimental vapourings on the Left, and the oscillations of Government policy, the last shred of hope for a constructive lead from Britain has been destroyed. You say that the tradition of honest brokerage—why not call it the deliberate policy of maintaining the balance of power in Europe?—"has left the British public entirely unequipped for facing the European situation to-day." That is putting it very mildly. With so much at stake, it is a case of criminal nescience. That the older members of the Government should be preparing for the next war and unable to see beyond the conception of the League as "a mere clearing-house of national policies, a market for give-and-take . . ." (as Señor Madariaga put it in the *Times* last January) is not surprising. But that "League of Nations" supporters should be deluded by the efforts of Germany and Italy, making common cause with "official" Britain in this direction, is just a tragedy. French *policy* may often deserve all the harsh things that are said about it; the French intellectual statement of the problem of peace remains intact and valid, viz., establishment of the League as an international authority overriding national claims to self-help. The present crisis is directly attributable to Britain's persistent refusal to collaborate in erecting institutions proper to a rule of law.

I entirely agree with you that "the economic and philosophic bases of Fascism are incompatible with peace." But that is not the point. It is the whole campaign against the Peace Treaties and the League—to which English people have lent and are still lending—so much support—that is spurious. As a territorial and diplomatic settlement the work of the Peace Conference was by no means discreditable—the hypothesis being that it should constitute, in President Wilson's words "a foundation on which others may build." What was wrong was the fact of the *Diktat*, not the actual terms. All the punitive elements have revised themselves long ago, and Germany's "inequality of treatment" is merely the pathological obsession of a nerve-wrecked nation unwilling to admit defeat in the war. Yet the watchword, in England as in Germany, seems to be not to build but to wreck and destroy.

W. HORSFALL CARTER

Madrid.

Miscellany

THE IRRAWADDY

AIRĀVATĪ—they stole a tributary term
From India to denote me; but my native name
Is Myi', Milak, "The River." No human eye has seen
Mine icy sources toppling from Măjoi Shingra Bum
'Twixt Khams and Khamtī. Only the grunnient and the great-horned ox,
Musk-deer and sand-ox know me and my moraine-snouts
Pink-capped with rhubarb men. Thence in foam banners falling
I filter through the rosy clouds. I toss down
Mountains in young decrepitude. Dwarf rhododendrons
Rise as I sink. Dwarf men, egg-born or vapour-born,
Khănung or Mishmi, peep through the branches. Westwards the Măli Hka
Thrusts out its great Vale of alluvial Gold. Eastwards
Tămai, Tărōn, N'mai Hka, gorges of tumbled gloom
And suppurating forest, womb of the Mranmă.
Hence sprang they; here "buried their umbilical chord," waded
Through choking fungus, wrestled with leeches, swam through spouts
And cataracts of bamboo; here, 'mid the "field of trees,"
Burned out their field of no trees, scattered seeds of coix,
Sorghum and panicum, religious grasses, rice.—
Far wandered, above Waingmaw, my headwaters meet
In rush of silver training o'er pools of bedded gold,
Spread out and smile: then shuddering clutch mine adamant and cleave
A fathomless strait trough of ruin thoro' rock:
Then shoal and widen as the bright blade flattens. Mile
On sheeted mile I glisten. Here where the Ta-p'ing rolls
His increment from China, here is the Drum Ferry,
Town of the Riverhead, New Mart and utmost shrine
Of K'ung Tzŭ.
Slowly narrowing (Ngăhsaungchan to Ngăsingu)
To a defile, I squeeze my slippery porpoises to o'erleap
The knobs and ribbage of my bottom. Thence expanding—
It is the nest of Thin-dwè, home of the old Kădu;
Whom skirting on the Shwéli ranges the blithe Mranmă,
Like me exulting in the deep joy of defluence,
Made elephants their ploughmen, buffaloes tread their grain:
On whitest bed of lime, fresh green of ancient betel
Married to crimson *Kŭn* juice, boiled the resin of cutch,
Collared and strutted prancing up the rings of palm trees,
Then slithered down with fruit or frondage, globe-husks of milk coco,
Corypha leaf, arenga fibres, sweet palmyra scum,
Or the sharp purge of tamarind.
Broaching the last narrows,
Freely I breast the boundless plain of Burma, taking
Tribute of Myitthă's nap of shining watercourses,
Zawgyī, Sămōn, Panlaung, sluiced through the Myi'ngè mazes.
Here first the Mranmă rested, indolently fed
On floodland paddy, forgot the ancient Gods of the Gorges,
The Yu, the Kum that bit them, Succuba and Incubus
That drained them to a Want, and learned an Indian faith
That stifled want or stilled it, buried it in brick,
Cased it and reincased it, stamped it struggling down

'Neath mountainous pagodas. Vainly! For the soul
Of old Pāgan still lives, not in the dust I water,
But spiring up like flames of hecatombs on altars,
Spanning the tremulous plain beneath the pyre of Pōpā.
Westward, my bosom now receives the splendid burden
Of the lone Chindwin; then, southward from Lawkananda,
Gathering the Yaw, Sālin, Mōn, Man Chaung all about me,
I swim brimming seaward, head-poised, in tottering eddies,
Till, supplanted softly and spilled by tidal refluence,
I wrestle through an hundred mouths and win to ocean.

G. H. LUCE

GLASGOW'S GREAT ENTERPRISE

THE conductor, Dr. Erik Chisholm, and its office-bearers have brought great honour to the Glasgow Grand Opera Society during the past three years. The habits of most provincial societies are notorious. They have no policy of their own, no character of their own, but exist merely to ape London and, of course, they always ape the worst features of London, not realising that these are the very things all intelligent Londoners are most ashamed of in their capital. Thus the provincial dramatic societies exert themselves only to put on the popular successes of the London West-end—The Winds and the Rains, etc., etc., while the provincial operatic societies struggle to perform in a mediocre manner popular operas such as *Madame Butterfly*, *Tosca*, *Faust* and *Tannhäuser*, which are found barely tolerable by the discriminating London public even when they are superlatively well done with all the resources of the world in the way of singers to call upon.

Dr. Chisholm and the Glasgow Grand Opera Society have dared to be different, they have dared to form judgments of their own, to make their own selections of opera untrammelled by conventional opinion or repute, and in consequence for the last three years London has gone to Glasgow to hear what could not be heard at home, and not only London but foreign musicians who happened to be in London have made a special visit to Scotland to the annual festival week of the Glasgow Grand Opera Society. Two years ago Glasgow chose for their annual operatic week's festival Mozart's *Idomeneo*, which I unfortunately did not hear because I did not know about it until it was too late. Last year their choice fell on Berlioz's *Les Troyens*, which was the stiffest task any amateur society in the world has ever taken upon itself. It took two consecutive nights to perform the whole opera, but Glasgow emerged triumphantly through the ordeal, whose severity may be judged from the fact that for years the management of Covent Garden has been toying with the idea of producing *Les Troyens* but has never been able to surmount all the difficulties.

This year Glasgow's choice fell upon two operas of Berlioz: *Benvenuto Cellini* and *Beatrice and Benedict*, which are both totally unknown to the present generation of musicians. *Benvenuto Cellini* was last performed in Great Britain at Covent Garden in 1853, but *Beatrice and Benedict* has never been given in this country in spite of its great success when first performed at Baden in 1862. In view of the growing interest in Berlioz's music among young musicians and music-lovers to-day, and since the full score of *Cellini* is unavailable while *Beatrice and Benedict* only exists in Breitkopf and Härtel's expensive edition, I propose to write in some detail of both these operas, so as to dispose of the misconceptions which exist not only in England and America but also on the Continent about these works which nobody has heard.

I went up to Glasgow last Friday in order to hear *Beatrice and Benedict* and Schubert's little opera *The Faithful Warrior* (*Der Treue Soldat*), arranged by Fritz Busch and Sir Donald Tovey, which preceded it, at the Saturday matinée and *Benvenuto Cellini* in the evening. After the matinée the Society gave a tea to the chorus and other members of the company, at which the President of the Society, Mr. William P. Meighan, and also Dr. Erik Chisholm spoke. To give some idea of the extraordinarily exhilarating and festive atmosphere of this occasion I may say that when the President in his speech, referring to the enormous pleasure it had been to all concerned to take part in these operas as performers or as audience, mentioned that he understood the company was divided into two camps, the *Beatrice and Benedict* enthusiasts and the *Cellini* enthusiasts, but that he believed the Beatrice and Benedicts had it by a slight majority, there were spontaneous yells of "No," from all sides. But I may say that it would be difficult to demonstrate the Shakespearean comprehensiveness of Berlioz's genius more strikingly than by performing these two operas in one day, so different are they in conception and execution.

Beatrice and Benedict is a gem, of perfectly even quality from beginning to end. It is the most skilful blend of music and spoken dialogue that I know of, and completely justifies this French form of *opéra-comique*. The spoken dialogue amounts to a comparatively small part of the work, and just as I think Verdi's *Otello* is the best form in which to hear Shakespeare's play, so I think *Beatrice and Benedict* gives us the quintessence of *Much Ado About Nothing* with something more. Berlioz makes great use of the chorus in this work, and all his choruses are superb, while the dances, *Sicilienne*, marvellously instrumented with *Tambours de basque*, are quite unique. The ensemble writing such as the duet between Beatrice and Benedict and the marvellous trio of men "I marry? God preserve me!" in the first act; the trio of women, the sextet and the scherzo duettino in the second act are not to be matched outside of the finest of Mozart's ensembles in *Figaro* and *Cosi fan Tutte*. The great aria given to Beatrice in the second act, "Il m'en souvient, je l'aime donc" is a masterpiece to be put beside the aria written by Mozart for Fiordiligi in the second act of *Cosi fan Tutte*, and every musician will agree that this aria for Fiordiligi is one of the finest operatic arias ever written.

But of course Berlioz's music in *Beatrice and Benedict* is absolutely original, and resembles Mozart's only in its being on the same supreme plane of inspiration and craftsmanship. Also there are ideas in *Beatrice and Benedict* which Mozart never conceived but which would have delighted him more than any other great composer we can think of. The duet which concludes the first act, "Nuit paisible et sereine," has been enthusiastically written about by all who have ever dealt with Berlioz's music. It is of such ineffable beauty that one cannot attempt to describe it. What one must say, however, is that *all* the music of *Beatrice and Benedict* is on as high a level in its various ways. Some of the London papers, I noticed, referred to the Somarone scene (Somarone is a Kapellmeister, a character not in Shakespeare's play but invented by Berlioz) in which Somarone makes a choir sing an *Epithalame grotesque* as a blot on the work. They are wrong. I do not know why it is that Berlioz's marvellous sense of the grotesque is never appreciated by critics, but on me and on the audience in the theatre this scene was completely successful. Somarone says to his choir "Ladies and Gentlemen, the piece you are about to hear is a masterpiece." He is quite correct. Berlioz has written a fugal masterpiece here and with the boldness of genius has dared to declare it such beforehand. It is fervently to be hoped that Mr. John Christie will enable Fritz Busch to produce *Beatrice and Benedict* at Glyndebourne next season. It will be the greatest revelation of our time.

Benvenuto Cellini, composed about 1838, that is almost a quarter of a century before *Beatrice and Benedict*, is not of such supreme and even quality throughout, nevertheless it is in some ways more original and individual. One could imagine that a half-dozen of the greatest musicians who have ever lived sitting in council and all equally inspired and at the top of their form could have composed *Beatrice and Benedict*, but only the younger Berlioz could have composed *Benvenuto Cellini*. Contrary to what one has sometimes heard said, the first act of *Cellini* is the least impressive. It is good but it is no better than good *average* Verdi, though it was written before

Verdi. The second act, however, is on a different plane. It contains crowd scenes to which one can find nothing comparably thrilling except in the Revolutionary scene in *Boris Godunov*; while the pantomime of King Midas in the second scene of this act, which is enacted in dumb show to the singing of the chorus, is a marvellous conception the like of which does not exist anywhere else in opera. But the third act of *Cellini* is the best of all, because it contains music which only Berlioz could have written at the height of his inspiration. I refer not so much to the fine sombre choruses of the founders engaged in casting Cellini's Perseus statue as to the wonderful barcarolle sung by Cellini's servant Ascanio, a marvellous piece of pure music which one listens to hoping it will never stop; the prayer of Teresa punctuated by the chorus of the religious procession passing outside the window; and then the tremendous solo for Cellini, in which he bewails the fact that he was born an artist and not a happy shepherd boy. This terrific aria was magnificently sung by Erik Starling, who was an almost ideal Cellini, and it is an absolute *cri de coeur* from Berlioz. In it he has expressed the sufferings of the artist for all time.

The performances of the operas under Dr. Chisholm were excellent. Miss Jenny Black was a very good Beatrice, and I can hardly conceive a better Cellini than Mr. Starling.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Desire" at the Plaza

Presumably the title of this film is Paramount's succinct protest against the Hollywood purity campaign—which had become rather *vieux jeu*, anyway. Film-fans don't need that inducement to see their Fräulein Dietrich and Gary Cooper; and patrons of the movie art know that, Russian cinematography aside, Lubitsch is one of the three great names that have appeared on the screen—second only to Clair, and third to Chaplin. In this deft and entertaining picture his influence, as producer, is felt behind Frank Borzage's direction in every detail—which means that it's worth taking plenty of trouble to see. It means, moreover, that the haggard German beauty, who—except, perhaps, in *Song of Songs*—has deterioriated in every picture since *The Blue Angel*, and the bony American Apollo *de nos jours*, who has steadily improved since he played his first, flat cowboy parts, have here something to do and are led to make the most of it. In this romantic and witty film, Dietrich at last discovers the joke of being *la femme fatale*, while Cooper adds an engaging polish to his habitual humour, charm and unobtrusive male sufficiency. His acting is just a little better than hers—perhaps because on his face the expression of irony is more readily distinguishable from that look of quizzical vacuity which we have learned to consider handsome or, in the case of a vamp, to accept as sex-appeal. But the best of *Desire* is its direction, and it is this, the tricky, smooth handling of a trite story, that will make it rank as one of the best ten films of 1936.

"The Day of the Great Adventure" at the Film Society

The Film Society's eighty-seventh programme consisted of five shorts—one German, two French, two British—and a long Polish picture of boy-scouts ski-ing about on a successful search for adventure. Any cameraman can photograph white slopes and telemarks till spring returns and the cows come home; so a trail of Boy's Own Paper complications sprinkled across dazzling wastes produced a glib and innocuous picture. The other five snippets should not perhaps be compared—but, leaving aside the excellent German advertisement puppets, of the two cartoons *Le Vieux Château* was the better (in fact, by far the best of the lot), and of the two instructionals (lectures on *The Earthworm* and *L'Hippocampe*), the Gaumont-British effort was a painstaking, interminable dissection of a long and complex worm, the French film a brief and beautiful frieze of living sea-horses. The latter showed for a quarter of an hour; the former disclosed *everything* in twenty minutes. But one was dead, the other alive; one suited only the schoolroom and our English Sabbath, the other was *endimanché* and just right for a Film Society Sunday. The French do know how to make films.

Bérard at the Mayor Gallery

A few years ago Bérard was one of the most obviously promising painters of the post-war generation. But the few recent paintings by him which we have seen have been disappointing, though he has lately made a great success drawing fashion-plates. Unluckily the exhibition at the Mayor Gallery includes no oils, and indeed provides no new evidence either for or against Monsieur Bérard's capacity. These drawings show an astonishing facility, a vein of poetry which is genuine but seems a little thin, and knock-me-down charm. The starved acrobats of the pre-war Picasso have begotten children, equally undernourished and considerably more vicious. As a designer of scenery and costumes, Monsieur Bérard is enchanting. He has the possibility of being more than a decorator, but at the moment he seems to be waltzing elegantly down the primrose path.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, April 3rd—
Marie Seton on "Men and Jobs in Soviet Cinema," Central Club, Y.M.C.A., Tottenham Court Road, 8.

SATURDAY, April 4th—
League of Arts Choir, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
Variety Concert in aid of "Q" Camps Equipment Fund, West Central Hall, 31 Alfred Place, Tottenham Court Road, 8.15.

SUNDAY, April 5th—
J. L. Gray on "The Nemesis of Humanitarianism," Conway Hall, 11.
North London Film Society, Monseigneur News Theatre, 2.15.
J. Shields on "The International Crisis," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.
V. K. Krishna Menon on "The Future of India," 123 Lupus Street, 8.

MONDAY, April 6th—
"Music in the Blood," Everyman Cinema, Hampstead.

TUESDAY, April 7th—
Norman Haire on "The Two Oldest Professions, Prostitution and Pimping," Transport Hall, Smith Square, 8.
"King Lear," Old Vic.
"Baby Austin," Strand.

WEDNESDAY, April 8th—
"The Happy Hypocrite," His Majesty's Theatre.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

"Let us go to Lgov," Yermolai, whom the reader knows already, said to me one day: "there we can shoot ducks to our hearts' content."

SUCH are the opening words of one of Turgenev's *Sportsman's Sketches*, which tells how they do go and do shoot a boatload of duck of various species, which since my mother is no ornithologist, are not easily identifiable in the English translation—quackers and half-quackers are mentioned! But the point of the story, which is not one of Turgenev's greatest, is not that he shot ten or fifteen brace of mallards, pochards, teal and garganey, it is that he meets a sportsman of those parts who had been a valet and expresses himself with extraordinary elegance, and a hopeless old man who had been one thing after another all his life, just as it pleased the whim of his owner. He had been a super in the troupe of household actors, a cook with no knowledge of cooking, a whipper-in with no understanding of hounds, a coachman who could not drive, and is ending his life as a fisherman on a lake with no fish in it. When he says he was once a coffee-bearer, Turgenev asks:

"What sort of duty was that?" "I don't know your Honour. I stood at the sideboard and was called Anton instead of Kuzma. The mistress ordered that I should be called so."

The same mistress when she heard any of her serfs wanted to marry would forbid it and exclaim in horror:

God forbid! Here I am living single: what indulgence! What are they thinking of!

And so, while Turgenev and Yermolai shoot their ducks and the crazy punt sinks under them and the dead ducks float off in the water, we are given a picture of the vast chaos, tyranny and hopeless inefficiency of the old regime in Russia, and we are left wondering whether there are still marshes with clouds of wild duck rising from them, and still humble old men who understand no more of the new jobs they are thrust into than when they stood by the sideboard and were called Anton instead of Kuzma. A wild duck (even a half-quacker) is a lovely creature, with its webbed feet, curious serrated bill, and the mossy emerald feathers that are used for Alexandra flies and the dark blue and white spotted ones that make heckums, and shooting it is a thrilling moment—but the vista of a whole empire, and a vanished method of life, is bigger. Turgenev would not have been one of the very great writers if he had confined himself to writing about ducks.

* * *

In his latest book, *Green Hills of Africa* (Cape, 8*s*. 6*d*.), Hemingway gives a description of shooting duck and no one could do it better.

You try the high one, straight overhead and almost leaning backwards, the *coup de roi*, and splash a big black duck down beside M'Cola, him laughing, then, the four cripples swimming away, you decide you had better kill them and pick up. You have to run in water to your knees to get in range of the last cripple and you slip and go face down and are sitting, enjoying being completely wet finally, water cool on your behind, soaked with muddy water, wiping off glasses, and then getting the water out of the gun, wondering if you can shoot up the shells before they will swell, M'Cola delighted with the spill.

With a few questions to an old man, Turgenev lights up the whole of Russia; to read Hemingway's book is like watching a tiny spotlight moving across the dark continent, all the darker by contrast with what one is shown so vividly. *Green Hills of Africa* is the record of a trip he made in Tanganyika with his wife and an English hunter, to shoot big game. He is absolutely absorbed the whole time in trying to shoot a Giant Kudu and in himself: in his physical excitement in stalking, in the whang of the bullet hitting a beast, in his jealousy of the man who gets a bigger trophy. All these sensations produce a sort of delirium which blinds him to everything outside. It is like the writing of a hound, rather than that of a man. Hemingway is a sort of hound; one can see his nostrils working and then hear his ecstatic howls in the grip of an instinct. Naturally he can't be interested in other people; they only exist for him when they are hunting with him, or cross the line of scent. He can't be cool; he can't be detached; he can't show you a vista.

* * *

He defends his own work by saying:

The feeling comes when you write well and truly of something and know impersonally you have written in that way and those who are paid to read it and report on it do not like the subject so they say it is all a fake, yet you know its value absolutely; or when you do something which people do not consider a serious occupation and yet you know, truly, that is as important as all the things in fashion. . . .

Hemingway's work is not a fake and he is right that it has value. I am not in the least concerned with the ethics of killing kudus which seems as irrelevant here as an objection to killing men would be in a criticism of a book about war. My criticism is that *Sevastopol*, which Hemingway was reading in Africa, offers more scope to a writer and is on a larger scale, than this account of trying to shoot a bull with big horns. It is not that the subject isn't big enough. *Moby Dick* is on an immense scale, though its subject is only a variety of big game hunting. It is the author's horizon which is limited here. Hemingway says that through Turgenev, he has lived in Russia in the sixties, and that thanks to Stendhal he has climbed in and out of her bedroom in *Le Rouge et le Noir*. To that I would add that, thanks to Hemingway, I have waited about during Catherine's confinement and have had the woman I loved die in childbirth. Because of that I willingly go stalking kudus with him, but I wish he would lift his head from the trail. But the spotlight is always on the spoor and on the human hound himself. He knows that something is wrong and is inclined to blame it on others:

A country finally erodes and the dust blows away, the people all die and none of them were of any importance permanently except those who practiced the arts, and these now wish to cease their work because it is too lonely, too hard to do and is not fashionable. A thousand years makes economics silly and a work of art endures for ever, but it is very hard to do and now it is not fashionable. People do not want to do it any more because they will be out of fashion and the lice who crawl on literature will not praise them. Also it is very hard to do.

Heaven knows, I don't want to defend the lice, but does a great writer need to bask in a louse's approbation? Can one imagine Stendhal, when dedicating his book To The Happy Few, or Turgenev, when abused by imbecile Nihilists and Slavophils, making such excuses? Perhaps it is partly my own fault that I was disappointed, since I was hoping for a book on Big Game that would have the solidity and specialist accuracy of Hemingway's monograph on bull-fighting, *Death in the Afternoon*. Instead we are given a very readable record of a trip, with some very exciting moments.

* * *

The biography of another collector which has just been republished, has delighted me. It is the *Life of a Scottish Naturalist, Thomas Edward*, by Samuel Smiles (Dent, 3*s*. 6*d*.). Edward was born with an almost insane passion for every sort of living creature. His parents were poor and harsh and he was always being thrashed for bringing home newts, young birds, mice and on one occasion a populous wasps' nest wrapped up in his shirt. His passion persisted all his life. When he was in the militia he broke ranks in pursuit of a butterfly—his only military offence. Although a poor shoemaker, Edward achieved results of great scientific value and was finally awarded a Civil List pension as the result of a memorial presented by Hooker, Owen and Darwin.

Edward was only twenty-three years old when he brought his wife home. Many may think that he was very imprudent in marrying so early. But he knew nothing of Malthus on Population. He merely followed his natural instincts. . . . They were very poor it is true; but mutual affection makes up for much. Perhaps they occasionally felt the bitterness of poverty; for Edward's earnings did not yet amount to more than about 9*s*. 6*d*. a week.

Smiles's style is refreshing.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

Sparkenbroke. By CHARLES MORGAN. *Macmillan.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Cosmopolitans. By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

They Shall Inherit the Earth. By MORLEY CALLAGHAN. *Chatto and Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Old Man's Coming. By GUSTAF JANSON. *Lovat Dickson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

So Long to Learn. By DOREEN WALLACE. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Prelude to Death. By ELINOR MORDAUNT. *Secker.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Some years ago, leaving Spain for England, I found myself seated in a row-boat, waiting to be ferried out to a large white steamer anchored in the bay. The morning was sunny; the air was bland; but their serenity was soon interrupted by the appearance of another Englishman who clambered down between the thwarts and immediately launched into a violent, offensive but ineffective and, as far as I could judge, quite unmerited attack upon boatmen, hotel-porter and Spaniards in general, declaring that they had swindled him, refusing to pay the few *pesetas* that they asked, demanding to be put back again on shore—all this in loud north-country English, with here and there a French or Spanish word, mispronounced or misemployed as only a thoroughly indignant Englishman knows how. He was a short fat man—perhaps a commercial traveller—wearing a tight new suit, tight shoes, a heavy watch chain and a small black oily moustache screwed up at the ends into tight points. Insolence and timidity strove for possession of those sweating, scarlet features. And what was my surprise when, having finished the argument, after much puffing, grumbling and re-settling of his *pince-nez*, Mr. Everyman produced a novel from his suitcase, removed a leather book-marker and began to read with a look of almost devout concentration, his face meanwhile softening into an expression of positively Buddhist calm. I peered across to see the title of the book he was reading and noticed that it was the masterpiece of the moment—*The Fountain* by Mr. Charles Morgan.

Strange, I reflected, that so solid and philistinian a person should take pleasure in that extremely rarefied romance! Yet, later, travelling in London buses and tubes, and studying fellow-travellers bent over library-copies of *The Fountain*, I was aware of the same contrast between the novel and its public; for the less ethereal its admirers the more devotional was the attitude in which they thumbed their way, steadily and attentively, from page to page. Nor, on second thoughts, was it difficult to understand the fascination of a narrative that I myself—though it was my business to read books—had never been able to get through. There is no such thing, after all, as a typical Philistine; and in every modern heart lurks a longing for uplift—a desire for cultural and spiritual improvement—that only awaits the appropriate knock at the door. Mr. Morgan has an aptitude for awakening these dormant inclinations. To determine just how he manages to do it would require an entire treatise on modern middle-brow psychology; and I must rest content with a few preliminary observations—the chief of them being that what frightens away readers is not dullness but originality; and that, since the public is always anxious to absorb culture, a novelist may count on immediate success if he can purvey culture in a safe, simple and pre-digested form.

Just as in breakfast foods a certain stodginess convinces the consumer of their real nutritive value, a certain heaviness, inseparable from Mr. Morgan's narrative method, assures his readers that they are in contact with "the real thing." A first glance makes it clear that his books are "beautifully written." The novelist has made a close and affectionate study of George Moore; but what he has borrowed is not Moore's vitality and vivacity—a quality that often disconcerts and surprises—so much as the surface gloss, Moore's touches of archaism, the rhythm that is sometimes too mannered and too continuous to be altogether natural, a slightly finicking nicety in the selection of words. The atmosphere of uplift is strong and pervasive. From the fragment of a Platonic dialogue printed on the first page to the grandiose dying fall of the last paragraph, we circulate among superior beings, listen to conversations more intellectual and far more cleverly worded than our own, are pleasantly conscious that we are living the life of the spirit. How refreshing then to discover that Mr. Morgan's personages experience passions of the most human and, at moments, of the most obviously sensual kind—to follow them from the library to the bedroom and back again! I suspect that it is the ease and grace of this rapid transition that has fascinated many of *The Fountain's* warmest admirers.

They will find *Sparkenbroke*, his new novel, equally satisfying. Piers Tenniel, Lord Sparkenbroke, is both a poet and a nobleman—and such a poet and such a peer as we should all of us, in our rosiest daydreams, most like to be. Byron, I think, about 1814, must have included the Lady Sparkenbroke of the day among the numerous unnamed conquests hinted at in his Journal; for Sparkenbroke is lonely and romantic, haunted by premonitions of an early death, unscrupulous in his behaviour towards women, fond of foreign travel and the victim of volcanic moods. Bissett is a worthy counterpart of Fletcher. But, unlike Byron, Sparkenbroke has an extremely sympathetic wife; and it is around the last of his infidelities that Mr. Morgan has constructed this long, intricate and carefully written tale. Mary loves the peer; but she marries the local doctor, who is incidentally the peer's best friend. Time and time again their love is on the point of reaching fruition; and, time and time again, Mr. Morgan, artfully and deliberately, manages to delay the climax. Now Mary, now her lover, proves recalcitrant:

> When he spoke her name, there rose from her a low consent of the breath lovelier than the naming of names. Her lips were a little parted, her hands came up to enfold his head, and suddenly her adoration mocked him; her entrancement was a mirror in which he saw only his self-deception, and starting back he broke the clasp of her hands so that they fell and lay where they fell until she, having looked into his face, covered her own.
>
> "You must go," he said. "We shall entangle our lives."

On page 510, Mary finally decides to elope; but Sparkenbroke leaves for Italy at a moment's notice. He returns to England, having finished his last book, only to meet his death in the ancestral vault of his family.

From the atmosphere of high thinking and fine writing that hangs thick over Mr. Morgan's narrative, it is a relief to reach the bracing, if at times rather arid, uplands, tenanted by Mr. Somerset Maugham. Each of the stories in this collection was written for a very definite market. They were written on commission, for a magazine; and since "magazine readers do not like starting a story and, after reading for a while, being told to turn to page a hundred and something," and advertisers insist that their material should be scattered here and there throughout the body of a paper, Mr. Maugham decided to write a number of tales, each of them short enough to be printed, without interruption, in a single block. As a result of the restrictions that he set himself, many of the stories now reprinted in *Cosmopolitans* are little more than anecdotes. Personally, I do not feel that extreme brevity suits Mr. Maugham very well. Though a brilliant story-teller, he has never been a writer who could charm with a few words; and the majority of these stories are a trifle bare. They flick by like houses and gardens seen from a railway carriage: no sooner have they aroused our interest than they vanish for good.

Of the remaining novels, two are written by Englishwomen and two are foreign. *They Shall Inherit the Earth* is an honest American novel of the second rank, written in a readable but abrupt and rather sentimental manner. Here, once again, is a tale of the slump—of father and son, the father prosperous, the son struggling and desperately poor, who learn to understand one another after a long period of tribulation and distress. *The Old Man's Coming* is an exciting family drama (well translated from the Swedish) with an inconclusive and unconvincing end. The whole family lives in dread of Charles-Henri; the reader is worked up into a state of nervous apprehension; but when the dreaded patriarch at length appears he turns out to be a singularly enlightened old gentleman with a great deal to say. The earlier parts of the story, however, are uncommonly vivid. Of the two English novels, probably the better is *So Long to Learn* by Miss Doreen Wallace. If you are interested in farming, you will enjoy an admirable treatise on the vicissitudes of English agriculture during the last fifteen years; but if you prefer the study of human relationships you may find Miss Wallace's account of the loves of Mary and Justin a somewhat ponderous appendage to the rest of the book. *Prelude to Death* is a feminine odyssey, which follows its protagonist from an uncomfortable childhood, through an unhappy girlhood and a miserable marriage, to a resigned but disillusioned old age. The more prosaic chapters—particularly those dealing with Anna's girlhood in an outpost of Empire—are remarkably lively. But the background is not always very plausible; and I for one cannot believe in the story of the wild forest monkey which conceived a jealous and hopeless passion for a beautiful white rabbit!

PETER QUENNELL

SOCRATES OR POLONIUS?

The Simpleton, The Six, and The Millionairess. Being three new plays by BERNARD SHAW. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.

Three Plays. By CLIFFORD ODETS. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

A few years ago I heard Mr. Shaw assert that he had never been at a loss for a word. Having learned that Mr. Shaw's vainglorious statements about himself are justified by their truthfulness, I did not doubt this. Nor did I question that he was greatly to be envied the wealth of vocabulary implied. But now, after having read his latest plays, introduced according to his custom by prefaces explaining what he was driving at, I am not of the same mind. Paraphrasing Ben Jonson's comment on a contemporary's boast that Shakespeare never blotted a line, I say: "Would you had been at a loss for a thousand." It may not be a disadvantage to have to pause long and think hard, painful as that mental process can be, to discover the right word, so much desired. It is at least a curb to the pen, preventing it from running away with the writer. Mr. Shaw's pen has become very unruly with time. The impression that it has bolted with him in this new volume, and come near throwing him, persists, in spite of my efforts to banish it.

The first play, *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles*, was performed at Malvern last July. There may be other explanations of its not having been performed in London yet than that since the success of *The Apple Cart* Shaw plays have failed to draw the town, but this is the one I accept. Anyone who puts on *The Simpleton* in London must be prepared for the risk of its being a "flop." It is the most puzzling play in Mr. Shaw's theatre. Not even the preface on *Days of Judgment* can make it intelligible. "In it," says Mr. Shaw, "I still retain the ancient fancy that the race will be brought to judgment by a supernatural being, coming literally out of the blue, but his enquiry is not whether you believe in Tweedledum or Tweedledee, but whether you are a social asset or a social nuisance. And the penalty is liquidation." There is some confusion of thought here. Why should a supernatural being be needed to judge such an essentially natural question as our usefulness to society? Anyhow, the being does not appear in the play. For that pure spirit is substituted an Angel, who speaks with the voice of Mr. Shaw, and condemns all that Mr. Shaw condemns. The Christian vision of the Last Judgment is contemptuously described by Mr. Shaw as "almost pure bugaboo," a boomerang description which returns to hit his own conception of it, one that never takes into account for a moment where the eternal impinges on the temporal, the divine on the human, and the Kingdom of God on the Kingdom of this world.

As Mr. Shaw's concern is altogether with human and temporal civilisation, he is on safer ground in *The Millionairess* than in *The Simpleton*. The theme of this play, described by him as "a comedy of humorous and contemporary characters, such as Ben Jonson might write, were he alive now," is expounded in a preface on "Bosses" "A born boss is one who rides roughshod over us by some mysterious power that separates him from our species and makes us fear him: that is, hate him." As apparently there have always been bosses, and always will be, it is up to us to prevent ourselves being boss-ridden. Mr. Shaw's instructions as to how we can do this are vague and contradictory, and we begin to doubt if it can be done at all when we read *The Millionairess*. Epiphania, a money-making boss, has a complete triumph. Nothing and no one can restrain her. Yet her domination is exercised chiefly through vulgar abuse, and physical violence. What a bad play Mr. Shaw can write, when he has no moral to enforce, is proved by *The Six of Calais*, a childish extravaganza about which the less said the better.

I have formed a very high opinion of a new American dramatist, Clifford Odets, from reading *Awake and Sing* and the other plays in the volume just published here. In his pithy dialogue he shows himself a master of implication, and his divisions on the ground of human nature have a recognisable pattern which sublimates their realistic character. The one-act play, *Waiting for Lefty*, is an interesting experiment in a novel technique. American admirers have discovered in Mr. Odets affinities with Eugene O'Neill, Sean O'Casey, and, more surprisingly, with Tchehov. I prefer to emphasise his originality. He does not remind me of any other dramatist. His Communist sympathies are manifest in *Till the Day I Die*, but the situation he is dealing with hardly allows of any other sympathies.

CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN

"THE FAMILY VINDICATED"

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To-morrow's Children. By ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON. *Chapman and Hall.* 6s.

Friendship-Love in Adolescence. By N. M. IOVETZ-TERESHCHENKO. *Allen and Unwin.* 16s.

Of the typical relationships between human beings, only one has ever been found fairly easy to manage over long stretches of time, and that is friendship. The others, perhaps because the parties are not more or less equals, in the way friends *as* friends feel themselves to be, are a little mysterious: the ground beneath them shifts alarmingly: they are difficult. Fear and fancy have put up the strangest hedges about them. In A.D. 585 fifty-nine bishops met at Macon to decide whether woman has got a soul. The answer was Yes, the bishops in favour carrying their motion by one vote. About A.D. 1925 many conscientious mothers were wondering (like Plato long before) whether mothers are good for their children. It is to be hoped their minds are now at rest. If not, let them read any of the books named above, for they are unanimous on the point that mothers are necessary and benign—so long as they are sensible, of course. Our authors seem to have no doubts about the desirability of normal, individualistic motherhood; I mean they do not advocate communistic nursing, or show signs of hankering for a time when babies shall be born out of bottles. They all agree, besides, that a firm policy ought to be pursued for preventing unsuitable parents from having children.

Psycho-analysis has been able to support with a good deal of curious evidence something that used to be taken for granted too sleepily except by the alert Jesuits, namely, that the patterns printed on the baby mind largely determine the disposition in maturity. The critical relationship of the mother to her child is carefully analysed by Dr. Rickman and his authoritative team.

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Carefully and well—not always in a style that will commend itself to the people who ought, in spite of it, to read the book. (Engineers usually write for engineers: psycho-analysts have to try to write for fathers and mothers.)

The common sense of the matter is roughly this: all the individual's emotional potentialities are there, even in earliest babyhood, looking for objects to rouse them. But the mother is still all known objects in one, since nothing else has any practical significance for the little creature at her breast. As one might expect, she is in the main a source of satisfactions, but if she inadvertently stirs up anger or fear, then her apparent double-facedness offers a puzzle to the child which it has not the sense to solve. This means a conflict, which buries itself (but buries itself alive) in forgetfulness, only to sprout up in later life—an unwholesome flora of nerves.

Dr. Richmond in her excellent survey of the sexual life makes it clear that fathers also have an important and quasi-permanent job. The father, delightfully described by Dr. Rickman as "the stimulating producer of good things," helps to complete the analogy of society with which home ought ideally to equip the young. All the same, many valuable children have been brought up by an only parent, and it seems rash, even momentarily ill-natured, of our otherwise well-disposed authors to be so down on parents of an only child. "It is probably better to have no children than only one," says Dr. Churchill—the only shock in a good book written popularly though without condescension. Dr. Churchill is much more cautious when it comes to the problem: what kind of children are we to breed for?

This question of criteria is opened up by the author of *To-morrow's Children* when he accepts inclusion in *Who's Who* as a certificate of eugenic worth. But many of the *Who's Who* people regard others of their number as highly undesirable types. What in fact are the positive values we should hope to get cropping up more richly in a eugenically improved society? Mr. Huntington boldly plumps for public spirit, intelligence, originality and adaptability. Lack of the last, by the way, is what makes goodness knows how many Miltons mute, and keeps them out of *Who's Who*. But in spite of his esteem for the sort of people who always contrive to fall on their feet, Mr. Huntington lets himself be guided by the light of his faith to the inevitable goal of efficient co-operation. Though a man may be adept at getting jobs for himself, it may deter him from having enough children (enough from the eugenic point of view) to feel that they, with perhaps less natural pushfulness, might have to renew the quest. Mr. Huntington believes that the State must do all it can to lighten the eugenic parents' economic burden. And further—aunts and uncles and grandparents, instead of thinking it right for the young to be sent out to sink or swim in the ocean of competition, must revise their habits of mind, and feel (and act on) a sense of their own duty to the rising generation. It will be a little while before blood becomes thickened to this extent. Since practical measures for increasing the quantity of eugenic children must largely take the shape of economic relief, one may hope they will foster reposeful qualities rather than put a new premium on agility of mind.

Mr. Iovetz-Tereshchenko's book is valuable and interesting, and readers must try not to mind the long words. It illustrates with examples the tender love-friendship of adolescence. This is not a sexual emotion, the author contends, nor is it, by his reasonably just definition. I think he is wrong to believe that so few adults can recapture the memory of that superb apotheosis of the innocent heart. What happens is that when they do so, unless they are poets, they tend to be inhibited by a kind of shame from letting the experience take hold of them. They feel, like Adam and Eve after the expulsion from Eden, that now they know too much. A sense of personal or even vicarious guilt makes them shrink from "illusions." But it is cruel to put down to illusion the ecstasies in which we first set a value on what is most precious in life.

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Twelve Noon. By RICHARD CHURCH. *Dent.* 2s. 6d.

Some writers may be good, supremely good, for their own time. Mr. Day Lewis, of the poets listed at the head of this review, has a contemporary value which the others do not possess; that he is, potentially, a more considerable poet is also, I think, true. But I read him with interest even when he writes badly; while I only enjoy Mr. Church, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Turner when they are writing well: there is the difference. Having said that, I must admit that *Noah and the Waters* is probably his worst book. A chorus begins impressively, and that effect (English downs, industrialism and revolution, the poet) is repeated afterwards at intervals; but the play itself is undramatic, the poetry sometimes trivial or dull, the symbolism monotonous. As in a rather blunt political cartoon, Noah is labelled "The Conscience of Humanity" and scrawled across the waters are the words "Workers of the World."

FIRST VOICE:
Hang your head down, Noah, hark to the wind!
The willows are trembling, the gulls have been warned!
Someone is walking to you out of the sea,
Love is looking for you and me.

Rather too many voices in *Noah and the Waters* offer us texts like this.

Messrs. Palmer, Turner and Church. The first is an extraordinary figure, half poet, half moonstruck singer, whom I have always admired. At his worst he is exceedingly odd (as in the would-be "parody" of Eliot here), at his rare best he has almost a touch of Blake. Much of his declamation comes to us ragged, confused, ecstatic, like a piercing howl to the beat of tin can, but in a verse or a line the poetry is there. I prefer him melancholy.

I have put eye and ear
To the keyhole of Serajevo;
And watched the boughs scatter
And the reeds scythed low
As the wind rolled.

I have seen as few have seen
When the swaths were ablow;
Known oft as few have known.

But now the wind is flatter
Than the Dead Sea,
And the trees and the reeds
Are as crumpled paper
That a match-light bleeds.

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His other advantage is the strange personal honesty which, perhaps unconsciously, he communicates to the reader who can bear with his faults. He is not the sort of writer with whom there is any use in looking for perfection. *The Vampire* is exceedingly uneven compared, say, with *Summit and Chasm* (his best), but it deserves to be read. Mr. Turner for other reasons is almost equally erratic. He began as a Georgian Keats, with an over-profusion of poetic colouring, which still lingers in his work; "crystal" streams and the "infinite empyrean" still adorn his regular poems. The perpetual attempt, also, to reach after the ideal, in lines which fall short of it, exasperates even while it excites. But in his unrhymed irregular poems, when he relies on new assonances and a more direct address, he achieves a genuine music of his own. "The Ballet Dancers: An Ode," and "The Song of Christopher Columbus" both appeared in these pages, and there is no need for me to quote them. Besides, their effect is cumulative and they lose almost to vanishing point by selection. In those two poems you can see his particular quality, which stirs without satisfying the imagination, which always seems on the point of attaining a magic out of reach; and yet in a sense the magic is there, or we should not have the sense of it.

Twelve Noon is Mr. Church's first book of poems in five years. Like Mr. Sassoon's *Vigils*, it relies on the subdued picture, the record of a man growing older with resignation. *Mud*, which has already attracted anthologists, begins:

> Twenty years ago
> My generation learned
> To be afraid of mud.
> We watched its vileness grow
> Deeper and deeper churned
> From earth, spirit and blood . . .

Several poems in the book have this simplicity and dignity; they are the best. His lyrical pictures, mostly country scenes, vary from the genuine spell of:

> This shall be for a hymn
> When the house is asleep.
> Silence shall hear it; the dim
> Lamp, the dull fire, the deep
> Owl-sentried darkness beyond . . .

to such near-parody as this:

> I knelt upon a stone
> And listened to the song
> Of a linnet in a bush . . .

It is rare, I may say, to find him writing as blindly as that. A more serious fault, in my opinion, is the gravitation towards smoothness. When his poetry is second-hand, it looks so infernally literary. But *Twelve Noon* contains a number of admirable poems, of which Yeats in a lesser mood might not be ashamed, besides much that is quietly impressive.

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The Kidnapping of Madame Storey. By HULBERT FOOTNER. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.
No Alibi. By G. BELTON COBB. *Longmans.* 7s. 6d.

In *The Good Books*, Mr. Philmore's latest work whose plot I unfortunately failed to appreciate, one of the characters had developed a boyish but rather endearing little habit of making up imaginary football teams out of authors, politicians and other unathletic professions. Eleven detective writers take the field this week against the intelligence and discernment of potential readers, and as they claim to play cricket I shall assume they have won the toss and send them in in what I judge to be their best batting order. I shall open the innings with the Great Twin Brethren, Messrs. Carter Dickson and Dickson Carr, not only because each can be counted on to knock up so many novels a year, but because in my experience it is quite impossible to separate this pair. If anyone will take the trouble to compare closely the demeanour of Sir Herbert Armstrong in *The Arabian Nights Murder* and our old friend Sir Henry Merrivale in *The Unicorn Murders* they might well come to the conclusion that Mr. C. D. and Mr. D. C. are at least identical if not Siamese twins. This literary mystery is more baffling to me than any of those cleared up by Dr. Fell, and I wish he would give his attention to it. Meanwhile, if any of the public have discovered further clues bearing on these authors' identity or non-identity I should be very pleased if they would communicate with me. Leaving this side-issue, I am confident that my twins will stand up to any ordinary fast bowling and give the side a start.

First wicket down, Mr. Milward Kennedy will raise a clap all round the ground as he comes in. The effortless ease of his strokes all round the wicket is delightful, but alas! the incomparable stylist will soon be back in the pavilion for trying to be too unorthodox. No. 4, Mr. Henry Andover, has been taught the game at a good school; his play is sound but unspectacular. His batting is generally reminiscent of Mr. Henry Wade, but at the conclusion of his innings he makes a drive straight out of Miss Dorothy Sayers' book, *The Nine Tailors*. If there is a criticism to be made it is that he does not concentrate enough on defence and lets his middle stump be sent flying at quite an early stage; but as we wish to watch him finish his quiet knock, umpire shouts "No Ball!"

With the arrival of Miss Allingham as No. 5 the crowd settles down to watch another stylist at work. There is not much power behind her graceful strokes, but any amount of character, while her placing is so unexpected that she often has the fieldsmen guessing. She cannot deal, however, with good length spin bowling and any reader who can make the ball break both ways will soon dislodge her off stump.

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Mr. Pratt at No. 6 is a natural hitter. If the innings has become rather quiet since the twins left, this slashing American will proceed to liven things up. But he only hits out at the loose balls; and you will soon observe that he is taking no liberties at all with the bowling. In fact he covers up so closely with his pads to anything near the off stump that a strict umpire would be inclined to give him out l.b.w. No. 7, Mr. Belton Cobb, the son of that great cricketer the late Mr. Thomas Cobb, is a chip of the old block. He has all the strokes if only he would let himself go, only on this occasion he is obviously so nervous of the bowling that he plays back to everything and ties himself into such a knot that he eventually hits his own wicket. At this point we had better take a tea interval before the persistent stonewalling of Mr. Fowler begins. This gentleman really ought to play for Lancashire, he keeps his end up to such a professionally unenterprising degree. I defy you to bowl him; the only hope is to have him run out. The second American in the team, Mr. Coffin, is a mere slogger and comes in determined to hit every bowler out of the ground. He quickly pays the penalty and is caught in the deep off a mis-hit. Miss Fielding and Mr. Footner constitute the tail and there is not much wag in it, so let me draw stumps and offer my humble apologies to cricket-haters.

In plain language *The Unicorn Murders* and *The Arabian Nights Murder* are splendidly exciting but fiendishly complicated. The impossible is always possible to the twins, so it is best to abandon deduction for guess-work as far as their criminals are concerned. *The Unicorn* is the better of the two. *Sic Transit Gloria* is described by its author as experimental, by which I suppose Mr. Kennedy alludes to the mildly unusual ending. But the detection is in Mr. Kennedy's well-established vein which carries more conviction to the enthralled reader than it deserves. In essence Mr. Kennedy uses the same device as occurs in melodrama, where the villain invariably blenches whenever the hero touches him on the raw, thereby revealing the whereabouts of the kidnapped heroine. So Mr. Kennedy's villains' inability to keep a straight face tells his detectives when they're getting warm. *The Dennisdale Tragedy* is sound and straightforward with carefully drawn characters. The villain becomes pretty clear about half way through, but it does not matter. There are some delightful descriptions of the Lake District to fill the story out. *Flowers for the Judge* also goes in for character as much as plot and gains as a novel what it loses as detection, for the old snag crops up whenever authors go in for well-documented characters—only an unsympathetic character can commit an unsympathetic crime and the villain takes shape too early in the book. *Murder Goes Fishing* has a fine idea—murder by fish. A magnificent king-fish does all the killing—would you believe it? The story is very exciting with hosts of suspects, but the author takes refuge for his solution in a lunatic—too bad. *The Attic Murder*, as you may have gathered, is stodgy and the villain is conjured out of a hat. *No Alibi* confines its suspects to such a narrow circle that the author is forced into rather unworthy tricks to put readers off the scent, but the book is well-written and makes good reading. *Murder in the Senate* is crawling with tough guys, *The Case of the Two Pearl Necklaces* not up to Miss Fielding's best standard, and *The Kidnapping of Madame Storey* a collection of magazine stories.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

FIRST THINGS FIRST

Our first list? Well, naturally we start with Lenin. We start with Lenin because his influence on the way of your life has already been greater than that of any other human being who has been a part of the modern world. Lenin was the supreme strategist of a revolution which has for ever altered the course of history; and he has been and still is an inspiration to millions of people the world over. This "great and honest man," as Arnold Bennett called him, wrote history. He wrote what amounts to a day-to-day diary of the gestatory period of this modern world, as well as an eye-witness account of its birth. When 170,000,000 people decide to abide by his teachings, the whole world is, in one way or another, influenced by those people. In the years to come it is almost certain that what he had to say will concern you even more intimately than at present. Not such a bad idea, then, to discover what he did say. Agreed? Lenin, however, was a prolific writer and the thirty volumes of his works—not all of which are at present available in English—are obviously too much for most of us. We have therefore arranged to publish a selection from his works in twelve volumes at only five shillings each. This is a new selection and one which the experts consider adequate for the average man's library. Time and experience alone have shown what part of his writings are now the essentials; and the fact that neither time nor experience are at the bidding of any publisher is our excuse for this new selection. We might add, don't you think, that the greater part of this new selection has never been available in English before. And you get about 400 pages handsomely bound for your five shillings. Two a month, we're issuing. Why not get the first two from your bookseller on April 6th? From our point of view that'd be fine, for you're almost certain to go on buying them monthly.

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Enter Mussolini. By EMILIO LUSSU. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

One of the last places in Italy to submit to the rule of the Blackshirts after the march on Rome was the rugged and proud island of Sardinia. It took Mussolini four years to subdue the Sardinians, and every device had to be employed, from special envoys and ruthless punitive expeditions down to subtle flattery and bribery. It was this last form of conquest that broke the back of one of the fiercest oppositions that modern dictatorships have had to contend with. Recently there have been arrests on the Island, and only last summer an American journalist long resident in Rome was expelled for reporting open disaffection among the Sardinian regiments over Mussolini's Abyssinian adventure.

Among the handful of Sardinians who withstood Fascism, Captain Lussu's name is still a familiar one in Italy to-day. He faced the cruelty of the punitive expeditions, he met the subtle arguments of Fascist ministers sent across to convert the islanders, and he faced the flattery with equal courage and good temper until there was no simpler or saner opponent of Fascism left in Italy than this uncommonly brave and sincere republican deputy. In 1926 he was arrested and after a year's imprisonment, tried and acquitted. But in Fascist countries acquittal is not necessarily followed by release. Lussu was sentenced to five years on Lipari when his case, but not he himself, came before the local Fascist Commission. Two years later, Lussu, Carlo Rosselli and Vincenzo Nitti made a daring and successful attempt to escape from Lipari. The story of the escape ends the book.

Men like Lussu are the salt of the earth. If they can write, however briefly, and this book is brief, they turn their experience into an inspiration. *Enter Mussolini* is by far the most lively, vivid and genuine account of the rise of Fascism in Italy that has yet appeared. There is humour and much modesty in the telling, but behind all that, there is an iron determination to be in the right according to the author's lights, and those lights carry conviction. One character after another comes on to the stage in seemingly genuine revolt against the methods and the brutality of the rising Blackshirt party. Even the King's aide-de-camp is bitter about the Dictator. But the curtain falls only to rise again on the same characters clothed in black shirts and using the rhetoric of Fascism. The temptation, more often the economic necessity, to wear the black shirt grew as the years went by, but Lussu watches the process without bitterness.

In the fiercest of all the attacks on his person, which was staged on a November night in 1926, the Blackshirt column was commanded by Count Cao di San Marco.

> He had been a fellow-student of mine at the university and my comrade during the whole of the war . . . in fact until the march on Rome he had been among my closest friends. Afterwards, unable to resist both threats and flattery, he became a Fascist . . . we never spoke to one another again. All the same I was surprised that evening to see him in person conducting an armed attack upon me. . . . Probably I should have been able to identify many old acquaintances of the same kind had I had time. But the street door had been broken in and a howling mob filled the staircase up to the door of my flat.

There are moments in life when physical force must be met by physical force: at least those who believe in passive resistance should read this book. Whoever takes a serious interest in Fascism must read it. The translation is unnoticeable: a rare achievement.

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SONGS FOR THE LYRE

Greek Lyric Poetry from Alcman to Simonides. By C. M. BOWRA. *Oxford University Press.* 21s.

Mr. Bowra's reputation will ensure that his new book receives the attention it deserves from his fellow Hellenists. The purpose of this notice is to recommend it to the reader who, though he has forgotten most of such Greek as he has ever learnt, remains enthralled by his glimpses of Greek beauty. He will need to skip here and there, but he will find the greater part of the book intensely rewarding. The poems Mr. Bowra quotes (with English translations) are of extraordinary loveliness, he is an excellent literary critic, and his remarks on the historical background are packed with interest. At school most of us read little that was written between Homer and Aeschylus. But the culture which produced the unsurpassed carvings of the seventh and sixth centuries might be presumed to have possessed a rich and delicate sensibility in literature as in the visual arts. And, in fact, the poets of whom Mr. Bowra writes, though their work survives often only in fragments, had just the qualities which one would expect from contemporaries of the archaic sculptors. It is, Mr. Bowra points out, an aristocratic poetry, alike in the choral ode and the personal monody:

> Both grew out of a system of society which was entirely sure of its values and felt itself to be a single, homogeneous thing. This feeling of security and unity was largely destroyed by the scientific and political movements of the fifth century, and Pindar, who survived till about 440, spent the last years of his life in a world which had largely ceased to care for his art. . . . The age of Pericles was more concerned with citizens than with individuals, and though it kept many aspects of the aristocratic age, it seems to have lost the conviction that a man's most important possession was himself, and this was the hall-mark of the seventh and sixth centuries.

The whole culture of Greece was then bathed in a lovely day-spring light: there were bloody and beastly deeds and beliefs, no doubt, but in words and images it seems there was nothing common or mean. The art of Alcaeus and Sappho sprang from folk-song, as the roses of our gardens spring from the wild briars. Take what is perhaps the most famous fragment of Sappho—δέδυκε μὰν ἀ σελάννα—"The moon has set, and the Pleiads; it is the middle of the night and time passes, time passes, and I lie alone." Mr. Bowra tells us that it is not by Sappho, but a folk-song. (In translation it seems more "literary" than it is, because of the word Pleiads, which in Greek was presumably no more elaborate than the "western wind" and "the small rain" of the anonymous English poet.) Another tradition which we have, it seems, to abandon, is that the poetess killed herself for love. Not only did she not throw herself off the Leucadian cliff, but Phaon was not a young man but a vegetation god. In spite of such shocks, the reader will be fascinated by Mr. Bowra's brilliant appreciation of Sappho:

> Fundamentally Sappho's view of love is religious. For it finds its strength and its justification in the overwhelming, unearthly excitement which accompanies the appearances of passion. Nor is this excitement entirely different in quality from that which Dante found in his love for Beatrice, or even from the desire of the Soul for the Beloved which inspired St. John of the Cross to his magnificent record of the Soul's search in a dark night. In each case the fundamental fact is the supra-mundane exaltation, the vision of the unseen world in visible form. . . . Sappho's belief in love and her deep serious attachment to it are not understandable unless they are seen to be based on a genuinely religious devotion to a real divinity. She followed not the whims of her flesh but the commands of her visions. She did not seek for pleasure and sensation, but she endured the agonies and miseries, no less than the transcendent raptures which came to her from Aphrodite.

One may perhaps be permitted a smile, when Mr. Bowra, having defended Sappho's amours so eloquently by pleading their seriousness, seeks to exonerate Anacreon's feelings for *his* young friends by emphasising their frivolity:

> There is always a hint that he does not treat his amusements too seriously, that he knows their true worth. And when this reserve is present, there is no question of his poetry being degraded or degrading.

Mr. Bowra has evidently studied the lawyers and sophists as well as the poets. He manages to have it both ways, and everything remains for the best in the best of all possible archipelagoes.

There is the evidence of great learning behind this book. But what recommends it so strongly to the ordinary educated person is Mr. Bowra's humane and fresh appreciation of his subject. He writes about Ibycus and Simonides as good critics write about Rimbaud or Rilke. And the old Greek air still carries all the scents of spring.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

Robert Lynd said:-

"James Connolly is Ireland's first Socialist martyr. To say so is not a rhetorical flourish. It is a simple historical fact that must be admitted even by those who dispute the wisdom of his actions and the excellence of his ideals. He died as a witness to his faith in the brotherhood of man as he wished to see it brought into being and shape in Ireland. Of all the leaders of the insurrection of Easter Monday, 1916, he was most in the tradition of Wolfe Tone and the United Irishmen. Wolfe Tone and the United Irishmen raised in Ireland the banner of the French Revolution. They were European as well as Nationalist in their ideas, and none the less Nationalist for being European. They believed in liberty, equality and fraternity, not as a piece of inky or street-corner cant, but as the three golden essentials of the commonwealth. They were Revolutionists both in theory and practice. . . . . His *Labour in Irish History* is in great measure a history of the militancy of the Irish poor during the last two centuries. He rejoiced more over one little agrarian outbreak that the ordinary man has never heard of than over continents subdued by the white man's sword. He saw in every such outbreak the expression of the poor man's will to live. That an insurrection should fail did not depress him more than that a wave should break on the shore."

So wrote Robert Lynd in November, 1916, six months after the execution of the wounded Connolly. Men are moved by ideas in action; the many terrors and slaughters of rebels and police tortures that lie in the twenty years since Connolly died have made his death and his memory more significant. "Only the Irish working class remain as the incorruptible inheritors of the fight for freedom in Ireland."

A legend, however, is not enough. A new generation has grown up that needs fuel for its memory. We publish on April 6th, Montagu Slater's *Easter* 1916, which swings around Connolly's character (2s. 6d.). (Remember the successful Left Theatre production? Look up the N.S. AND N. file, December 14th, 1935). And Brian O'Neill has written a lively and informed account of the rising in *Easter Week* (2s.). See your bookseller now.

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GREEK AND BARBARIAN

Running Accompaniments. By H. W. NEVINSON. *Routledge.* 10s. 6d.

Flying and Soldiering. By R. R. MONEY. *Nicholson and Watson.* 8s. 6d.

There could hardly be a greater human contrast than that between the two men self-epitomized in these books: the one narrow, courageous, and sure, ignorant, within the unnoticed prison of his assumptions, of any mental landscape but that of his cell; the other, civilised and sensitively tolerant, watching the wild images of mountains and battles and infinitely various vivid figures quiver reflected in the mellow current of late nineteenth-century humanism.

Mr. Money fought in the Royal Flying Corps in 1915 and 1916: his narrative shows that he enjoyed this extremely. He regards war as a sport made normally exhilarating by danger, by tight-lipped emotionalism, and by "the freemasonry of fighting men"—as it might be the freemasonry of cricketers. He becomes quite pained when he has to record the hostility with which he and other prisoners of war were received by the "Hun" civilian population of Cologne: who had had after all to pay dearly in money, hunger, worry and grief for the maintenance of the game which afforded these young men so keen and so disciplined a delight. Mr. Money is careful to explain that in his time the R.F.C. did not drink so excessively as readers of war fiction might be led to suppose. "Most of us were young, cheerful and high-spirited, and the changes and chances of our eventful days kept our high spirits at an easily excited level." There was, in fact, lots of fun to be had without getting drunk; going out bombing, for instance, when there was always "argument as to who should carry 20 lb. bombs and who should have those of 112 lbs. . . . We preferred the big ones, because they made such a glorious splash." Of what? Apparently high spirits were not combined with any sort of imagination.

PHILOSOPHY

CONTENTS FOR APRIL

THE PLACE OF MYTH IN PHILOSOPHY. THE VERY REV. W. R. INGE, K.C.V.O., F.B.A., D.D., D.Litt.

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After " the bright and glorious prelude " of war Mr. Money turned, as he describes the new-named Royal Air Force turning, " to the dull task of peace-time Service." Unable, since his health had been undermined by prison camp food, at once to begin flying again, he was sent with the East Yorkshire Regiment to Ireland during the " troubles " : but returned to the R.A.F. in 1923 to teach young naval officers to fly. His adventures and his recreations, hunting, shooting and fishing, are described in zestful detail ; and form, together with a surprisingly understanding yet objective account of collective life in prison camps, the most alive and attractive chapters of his book. In 1928, when his short term commission came to an end, he devoted himself to commercial flying, of which he has some interesting things to say ; but it is plain to see that his heart is with the bombing squadrons.

" I cannot remember," writes Mr. Nevinson in one of the most delightful of his reflective essays, " I cannot remember or imagine a time when music was not ' running in my head ' . . . without my will or knowledge " : and, as its name suggests, his book is a confluence of similar strange and familiar streams of mental music, through one association or another welling into consciousness from this unceasing subterranean flow. Recollections of the emotional bruises of an Evangelical childhood, of a loved schoolmaster, of those young Greek farmers lying dead above the Gulf of Epirus " whom I saw buried in that month of May " 1897 : descriptions solid and muscular as bas-reliefs ; the linked sentences of undeliberate essays : even an historical sketch of John Hampden, instinct with affection for the dead man and the living countryside : they all spring diverse from the simmering unity of a remembered and continuing life.

In their light there emerges a portrait far more vital than any that could be constructed in the sedulous mosaic of autobiography : since it is an interplay of interests and characteristics, and no mere accurately pieced jigsaw puzzle of events.

In the study of Hampden and the meditations upon Pericles and his Athens is an appreciation of Galsworthy, and in an excursus called " A Stage Army," Mr. Nevinson's sober passion for responsible liberty burns clear ; in an essay on Wonders, which ranges from the daily miracle of new creation to the story of a Frenchman who ate his way adventurously round the world, there springs an ever-fresh astonishment at this comic, lovely, fantastic life : the discussion of rhythm illuminates a tiptoe sensitiveness to verbal movement, yielding yet conscious as that of a dancer to the movement of music ; and diffused throughout the book, but most intensely focused in a passage called " The Holy Spirit " shines a noble fear lest custom, benevolence or " the torpor of age and comfort " should ever dull his capacity for experiencing beauty, pain, and indignation at injustice.

This is not, of course, to say that Mr. Nevinson's essays are only to be valued as windows through which to see him. They are, in themselves, stimulating, luminous and complete.

RENÉE HAYNES

"The Trouble about

Dialectical Materialism is that nobody has the faintest idea what it's all about." As a theme song that is almost as popular and certainly as inane as the majority of theme songs. But, and no one will deny that this is a big but, dialectical materialism is not as easy to understand as A.B.C., so that there is therefore some sort of excuse for the people who talk as though everyone were as obtuse as they. Or rather, there *was* some sort of excuse : there isn't any longer, however, because T. A. Jackson has made the whole business quite clear in his new book, *Dialectics : the Logic of Marxism*, which we have just published. Considering that it has 640 pages we don't think that 10*s*. 6*d*. is too much for it.

Dialectical Materialism is the keystone, or whatever you call it, of Marx. Whether you like Marx or not you know as well as we do that a clear understanding of his work is essential in this modern world ; and unless you can understand the Dialectic you can understand nothing that he wrote. See ?

Jackson's book, for all its great length, is as clean and incisive as an explanation can be. At times he withers with invective, at times he coos like a dove ; and at times he recoils the better to spring, but in whatever mood he is to be found he still sticks to his point—the exposition of the core of that philosophy whose practical application is making better the lives of nearly 10 per cent. of the world's inhabitants, as is, incidentally, affecting your life and mine in some degree as yet undefined.

Jackson, we may explain for the benefit of those who do not mix in the world, is one of the most forceful and colourful characters in the Labour movement. His Marxism has been hammered out in the cut-and-thrust of a thousand arguments. He knows, therefore, the problems of Marxism as they affect British men and women. He uses British instances—and, in some cases, British chopping blocks.

Make no mistake. Marxism is alive and kicking : one day it will kick you if you don't understand it. And, as the saying is, to understand all is to pardon all.

Any bookseller will sell you this help to understanding.

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SHORTER NOTICES

Song for Sixpence. By GEOFFREY POLLETT. *Longmans.* 8*s*. 6*d*.

The clown in The Winter's Tale settled the matter once and for all, " You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you'ld think, sister." Mr. Pollett is a New Zealand poet who took out a licence in Sussex and peddled his poems all the way to Cornwall and back, making notes (as he went) on the people he called on. Verse-selling vagabondage is apparently nothing new. Candidates who have read similar books by W. H. Davies and D'Arcy Cresswell will be able to do the usual, compare and contrast, question, and discover influences and tendencies in this literary form. I, who have read neither, can only nervously boast of an open mind. The most important thing about *Song for* 6*d*. is that Mr. Pollett got away with it. By selling his poems at 6*d*. each he was able to support himself on a tramp of over 200 miles, and that is no small achievement. Four or five of the poems sold are reprinted here. They are quiet, unpretentious pieces of Georgian verse nicely printed. Mr. A. G. Street suggested that light satire might have been more saleable. To do the job thoroughly it would probably pay to carry songs in praise of every county travelled through, religious verse for the rectories, and topical doggerel for the vulgar. Mr. Pollett looked at southern England from the point of view of a New Zealander, not Macaulay's surprised savage, but a romantic who knew something of the home country and expected a great deal. With the countryside he is satisfied. The people on the doorsteps, however, are not so attractive. Some well-known ladies and gentlemen turned him away with little courtesy. Their names are mentioned and their formula of dismissal recorded. Others whom he was eager to see were out, on holiday, or busy. Writers and artists were usually kind, and passed him on to their friends. Parsons generally were cautious or sourly charitable. Servants were sometimes rude, but on the whole he met with plenty of friendliness and careless good nature. He slept mostly in youth hostels, was hungry and tired, and learnt the art of cadging lifts. Readers who have covered the same ground will enjoy comparing experiences with Mr. Pollett. He writes very sensibly about cyclists, hostels, cathedral towns, cider, and the inhabitants of Chipping Camden. He prosifies only occasionally and is a good gossip. People who want to know if the great are the same at home will be grateful to Mr. Pollett. For those who are afraid in forests, for those who start friendships in hostels, for those who have been footsore, and those who demand nice books from the library, *Song for Sixpence* will be a pleasant opiate.

King Edward VII and Some Other Figures. By RUARAIDH ERSKINE OF MARR. *Dent.* 8*s*. 6*d*.

Asquith, Gladstone, Balfour, Rosebery, Parnell and Lord Granville are among the subjects treated in these essays. The book is best classed as one of the curiosities of literature, for it is written in an elaborate, slow-moving, figurative style like that used by the immediate predecessors of Addison. We feel that the author constantly frequents the writers of the late seventeenth century, and he judges modern politicians like a ghost from the age of Bolingbroke. He is a severe judge, condemning King Edward VII, for instance, for diminishing the importance and dignity of the throne. The judgments are shrewd, but the book will be read and liked chiefly as a very successful pasticcio of a prose style long since deceased.

China's Millions. By ANNA LOUISE STRONG. *Gollancz.* 15*s*.

An exploration of contemporary China, conducted by a shrewd woman journalist, can be decidedly enlightening ; and this book provides a good account of life in the interior. The period covered is from the revolution of 1927 to the semi-passivity of 1935. An intimate pen has missed nothing ; a vigilant eye has seen everything. Thus, the slow surge of a determined " Red " influence ; and a wavering allegiance to the traditions of the old, together with hesitant reachings out towards the customs of the new, has been widely noted and prognosticated upon. Here, one feels, is an awakening China, but not necessarily a dangerous one. The author has not remained static, viewing things from the comparative safety of the international zone, but has gone out and about, keeping up with locale as well as event. Her diversified experiences in the Gobi desert, in Mongolia and Siberia, and, farther on, at the finishing-point of Moscow itself, are rich in colour and frank in their exposition of what has tended, in recent years, to become a baffling political situa-

Mr. Elastus

A STRETCHED STORY

This is the strange case of Mr. Elastus. He came to us, shall we say, about five years ago. His whole appearance was rather a shock to us. He seemed strangely harassed; his clothes were of good material, but ill-fitting.

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But this is the strange part of his story. These variations in contentment with his clothes affected his health, or, perhaps, not so much his health as his figure. When a tailor made him a badly-fitting suit, it bothered him so much that he immediately lost weight, so that the suit fitted him worse than ever. This would make him dash off to another tailor, where perhaps he would be lucky enough to get a good suit, whereupon he began to resume his normal proportions, so that, to his dismay, the perfect-fitting suit became too tight! What was he to do?

It was whilst he was suffering this dilemma for about the fifth time that he met Mr. Blank, who gave him the simple advice to "Try Goss." And here he is, after five years, still trying Goss. What is more, his measurements haven't varied since his first year with us.

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Literary Criticism

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—*Scotsman.*

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tion. The book is recommended to the keen student and the average man alike as a really genuine attempt to bring the East nearer to the West. It should make for a better understanding between the two.

Lake Tana and the Blue Nile. By MJR. R. E. CHEESMAN, C.B.E. *Macmillan.* 18*s.*

A work of considerable appeal to those interested in the projected Tana dam scheme. This book is the considered opinion of one, who through long association with that part of Abyssinia containing the watershed of the Blue Nile, may be considered an expert. Major Cheesman's book provides interesting reading and sheds light on a land which is very much in the news at the moment. Altogether a book of undoubted descriptive value, although rather too long.

The Story of Conscription in Australia. By LESLIE C. JAUNCEY. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Examples, contrary to the adage, are, if anything, a little worse than precepts. If man could really learn from other men's experiences, we should have reached Utopia ages ago. So, admirable as is Dr. Jauncey's attack on the evils of conscription as they were exposed in Australia in the years before the war, it will probably appeal only to the converted; and when the time is ripe and the bugles blow we shall find the yoke slipped upon our necks before we know what has happened. In Dr. Jauncey's story of astute gerrymandering, we watch the shifting of public opinion as it swayed this way and that till at last the youth of Australia, at any rate the youth of the poorer sort, found itself suddenly outside the law. That is the real mischief, the deprivation of civil rights, and reduction to serfdom. There are, of course, men who really like the release from responsibility that working under cut and dried discipline provides; but lovers of liberty will do well to ponder this story and watch here for the political symptoms that in Australia were not watched carefully enough. To conscripted service overseas the Australian voter had sufficient sense to say, "No."

Elizabeth, Empress of Austria. By COUNT CORTI. *Thornton Butterworth.* 18*s.*

"The strange career of this extraordinary woman would seem almost incredible if it were not absolutely true." One has only to read Count Corti's authenticated narrative of the career to realise that it is not the proof that a story is true that makes it credible. The Empress of Austria's story is of such stuff as fantastic romances are made on, and she herself cannot be depicted as she really was without the portrait producing the effect of being an entirely imaginary one. Count Corti's biography is based upon trustworthy documents. He has had access to the private correspondence of the Empress and her husband, the Emperor Francis Joseph, to the diary kept for many years by the Emperor's daughter, the Archduchess Valerie, and to many other records in public and private archives. No one can say that he is not exceptionally well-equipped for the task he has set himself, "to bring the Empress forth from the realms of legend into the full light of history" . . . "to establish her on a footing of sober truth." The reason for his having found the task beyond him is not very easy to explain. "She will live on in legend, not in history," one of the Empress's ladies-in-waiting remarked. Even the tale of the afflictions that were raised on her reads like a legend. The worst affliction of all was that Elizabeth had the seeds of insanity in her from birth.

Both Sides of Buka Passage. By BEATRICE BLACKWOOD. *Oxford University Press.* 35*s.*

This book was originally intended to be a study of the sexual life of a primitive people. Miss Blackwood, however, has realised the impossibility of isolating the sexual life of a people from its ethnic setting, and has wisely chosen to enlarge her field to include the entire physical and cultural background. The people with whom this book is concerned are the Melanesians of the island of Buka, and of the north coast of the island of Bougainville. From the point of view of descent and succession they are matrilineal, but property may be bequeathed either matrilineally or patrilineally. Blood relations of the same clan (whom Miss Blackwood defines as a lineage) form a recognised social unit, the head of which is the eldest living male. Certain lineages rank above others in the social esteem and the head of such a group possesses considerable authority. The social function of the clan with regard to the regulation of marriage is in process of breaking down, as marriages within the clan are not infrequent. Such unions, however, never occur between persons whose blood relationship can be traced. Totemism may have once existed, but to-day the association between clan and animal amounts to little more than one of name. The material of this book is both reliable and comprehensive. Miss Blackwood has undertaken her task with obvious sympathy and tact, and has been rewarded with a mass of interesting matter which would have been denied to a less sympathetic investigator. Incidentally this book has been written in the nick of time, as civilisation in the form of missionaries, planters and traders has already begun its destructive work on the indigenous culture.

Mohammed. By TOR ANDRAE. Translated by THEOPHIL NEUZEL. *Allen and Unwin.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The renown of Tor Andrae, professor in the history and psychology of religion at the University of Upsala, as an Islamic scholar, roused expectations that this study of Mohammed would be of exceptional value. It is therefore rather disappointing to find that it is on the same lines as most sympathetic biographies of the Prophet. Apparently recent research has yielded no new facts about his life, none anyhow to disturb the favourable estimate of his character, which has been popular in the West since the old dogmatic prejudices against the "false prophet," and the old traditional hatred of the "unspeakable Turk" died down. All the old facts are related in Professor Andrae's book, but they are subjected to more psychological discussion than usual. He carefully distinguishes between the Mohammed of Mecca and the Mohammed of Medina in the course of his discussion of the genuineness of his revelations. After saying everything that can be said in defence of Mohammed's religious integrity, he admits that his moral personality "does not stand on the same level with his other endowments." This is perhaps the reason why Islam always seems more admirable than its founder. It is the other way about with Christianity.

"The only thing that does me good"

"Vapex is the only thing that has ever done me good . . . If I get a cold I at once take a few drops on my hanky and in a few hours I am fit and well again. I tell all my friends about it and they come back and thank me . . . They say the same as I do; they have tried everything but find Vapex is the very best."
R. L., Hackney, E.9.

Try Vapex for yourself and you will never be without it again. The relief is marvellous. It clears the head and quickly breaks up the most stuffy cold.

VAPEX

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

V 146

Week-end Competitions

No. 316

Set by V. S. Pritchett

Samuel Butler tells in his letters how a certain Sultan asked his jester to invent an apology which was worse than the crime it was intended to excuse; and how, later, the jester pinched the Sultan's leg and said, "I am sorry, I thought it was the Sultana's." We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a letter of apology, on similar lines, to a week-end host.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Thursday, April 9th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 314

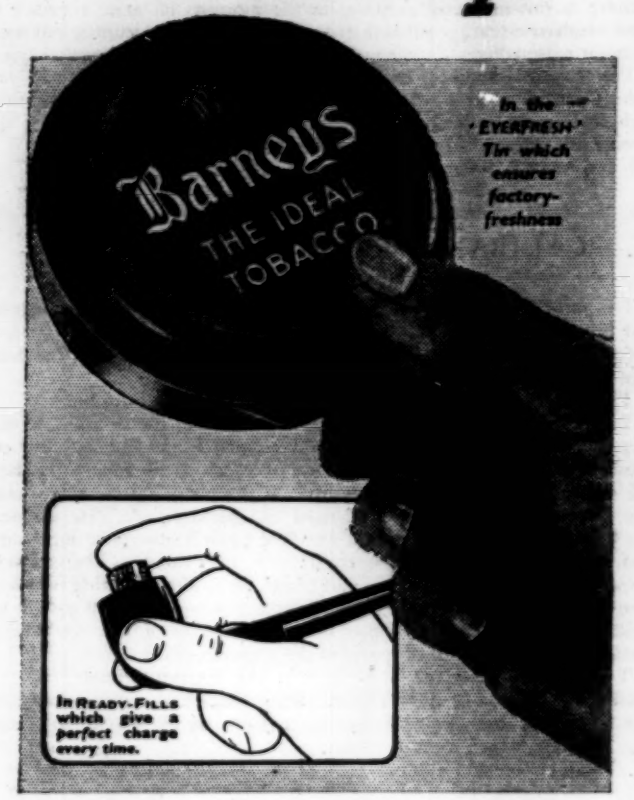
Set by Richard Church

Somewhere in the Elysian Fields the shade of Henry James is wandering, looking disconsolately for his little dog, that famous little dog whose habits while on the lead so often brought the master's parenthetical orations to a close. I believe that some of our readers, in touch with the spirit world, have heard of the loss, and are able to repeat the actual phrasing of the three hundred word advertisement and offer of reward, inserted by Henry James in the Nirvana News. A First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea will be given for the most characteristic versions of that advertisement.

Report by Richard Church

The response to this competition has not been very hearty, and readers have not taken advantage of the opportunity to try their hands at parody. That is unusual, for this pleasant pastime is normally the amateur's delight. Only two of the advertisements for the lost pet show any sign of having captured the cadence of Henry James's prose. The rest are mere outpourings of breathless parentheses, with so many dashes that the script looks like a number of exercises in Morse Code.

The friendly, satisfying charm of Barneys


Barneys
THE IDEAL TOBACCO
In the 'EVERFRESH' Tin which ensures factory-freshness
In READY-FILLS which give a perfect charge every time.

Men talk about Barneys almost as if it were human, as though it had *being* . . . "friendliest of all Tobaccos," one smoker called it. A Yorkshire enthusiast got close to the heart of things when he said, "There are times when a man needs not exactly a companion but a *sense of companionship* . . . and Barneys supplies this need."

How true this is can only be realised *fully* by those to whom the need is greatest . . . amongst them those Barneys smokers in the lonely places of the Earth! Just *ponder* this . . . from a Barneys smoker exiled in the Arctic: "Up here in the far North comforts are few and far between, and for me at least Tobacco ranks 'number one'—and only the *best* is good enough."

If you are *still* seeking the Tobacco which will measure up, in goodness and smoking satisfaction, to all that good Tobacco can, try cheery, honest North-country Barneys. There are three strengths, all equally good. No other Tobacco has won such praise from smokers well qualified to judge.

BARNEYS

BARNEYS IDEAL.
Barneys (*medium*). Punchbowle (*full*), Parsons Pleasure (*mild*). In "EVERFRESH" Tins, 1/2d. oz. READY-FILLS: Cartons of 12, 1/2d.

BARNEYS EMPIRE.
"*The best Empire yet:*" In 1 oz. "LEADS" and 2 oz. and 4 oz. "EVERFRESH" Tins, 10½d. oz. READY-FILLS: Cartons of 12, 10½d.

(217) Made by John Sinclair Ltd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A Private Income—*Not a Salary*

£400 A YEAR FOR LIFE for YOU!

THINK of it! Not a salary necessitating daily work at the Office, Factory, or Shop, but a private income to be paid to you every year as long as you live.

And while you are qualifying for it—to begin, say, when you reach age 60—you have the satisfaction of knowing that if you do not live to that age the Capital Sum arranged for, plus profits, will provide a monthly income to meet your family's everyday requirements and to educate your children. Should your death be caused by an accident, your family would receive an additional £5,000.

If, in consequence of illness or accident, you become totally incapacitated, no further saving deposits need be made. Yet your pension or the monthly income for your family would be paid just as if you had continued making the deposits.

Every year you save for your comfort in later years you will secure a reduction in your income tax—a big consideration in itself.

It is a wonderful plan which can be obtained for any amount, large or small, by regular annual savings.

It will bring independence and comfort to you and yours.

Whether you are able to save £10 or £100 or more per year, you cannot fail to be interested in this guaranteed income plan. The enquiry coupon makes it easy for you to obtain complete information entirely without incurring any obligation.

To H. O. LEACH (*General Manager*),

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

(*Incorporated in Canada in 1865 as a Limited Company*).

10, Sun of Canada House, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1.

Please tell me more about your Pension-Protection Plan. These are the details you require :—

NAME .....
(Mr., Mrs., Miss)

ADDRESS .....

.....

OCCUPATION ..... DATE OF BIRTH.....

New Statesman, 4/4/36

Of the two worth serious consideration, that by Mr. T. Naisby is marred by the third paragraph, which is a self-conscious recognition of the writer's own obscurity, and offers an apology which Henry James would never have thought it necessary to make. Mr. Naisby, therefore, takes only Second Prize.

The First Prize goes to Joan Jukes, who not only has caught the rhythm of the Jamesian paragraph, but has also introduced something of the spirit of the man, as in the phrase "some mere matter of an undone shoestring" or the reference to the dog as "a dear small creature."

FIRST PRIZE

Very lately, in the twilight, when—to present this appeal with its bare skeleton of fact—an elderly shade was crossing a patch of asphodel, having stooped, as it happened, for some trifling readjustment, some mere matter of an undone shoestring, there was added to the little act this train of desolating effect that his charming companion—a dear small creature (stopping short at a general description), most quaint, most delicate, of a frolic gentility, pre-eminently not a quadruped to have the slightest trace of unfastidiousness imputed, since such a sully couldn't, in his case, find any jot of appropriate application—quite without any (to his senior) perceptible twitching of a tenuous wisp of mutually associating tether, ran, of a sudden, undiscoverable, "off"; the special edge of his desertion consisting (for the deserted) in his having quite intimated, quite given out as fixed, in his *au revoir*, which he beautifully flicked, his assigning in intention but some idle minute to the rash whimsy of investigation which snatched his particular cluster of canine frailties and friendlinesses from the sight of his "master"; this master, perfectly knowing how little, for the "likes" of him, there is a chance of doing anything at all in the way of successful pursuit, here publicly begs—does, in fine, in a word, without circumstance or periphrasis, but too heartbrokenly implore—the diversion and devotion to his dear quest of any random scrap of interest "on the loose," any stray morsel of time "on hand," extending the (he feverishly prays) sufficient measure of promised reward, his—now—golden all in having for bestowal, no less than that rich meed of calm which laps the uninsolent layer of perturbed ghosts, that peace for the boon of quiet, and quiet for the bringer of peace scattering in mercy thrice dust on the unburied dead.

JOAN JUKES

SECOND PRIZE

DEPRIVATION

It is with a particular trepidation and a not inconsiderable (if irrational) misgiving that I venture here publicly to advertise (or, more properly, to announce) the loss—if loss be the correct word in the circumstances, to describe the act of straying committed by a mainly faithful but errant quadruped—of a favourite, but unfortunately quite putative dog.

In a place or environment such as this, where positive attributes and qualities have, it is almost proved, no definite existence, but only a subjective reality, detailed description and precise particularisation would give an altogether inadequate impression and might (it is reasonable to suppose) leave no impression at all. Perhaps, therefore, in consideration of this, the potential benefactor who reads, and not only reads but notes, with intent to act, might be the more serviceable to me, if, instead of searching and investigating the Elysian vastnesses for a quadruped which, strictly, only exists submerged in my own memory, he were to devise some method or plan by which that which is submerged in my mind might be resuscitated to the point of active definiteness necessary for the adequate apperception of the non-substantial attributes which, with the straying, has been denied to me.

Lest the astronomical situation should lead the fortuitous reader thereby to mis-infer my purpose, in the interests of strict accuracy I must emphasise that the missing quasi-property is a quadruped, and not, as might reasonably, if erroneously, have been supposed, a constellation.

The reward of gratitude cannot be underestimated by the appreciative.

Any person or group of people with information and suggestions, with inclination or inclinations to communicate, and with desire to receive this reward, is requested to indicate them to me.

I am, mainly, it seems,

Henry James. T. NAISBY

new records for the music lover—

HAYDN •

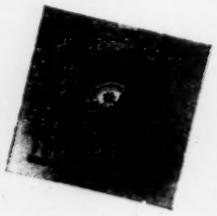
Ready 8th April the 5th Volume of the Haydn Quartet Society. 7 records in Album with notes, 42/-. The Pro Arté Quartet playing Op. 20, No. 4; Op. 74, No. 2; and Op. 77, No. 2.

WAGNER •

A marvellous recording of Act I of Die Walkure complete. 8 records in Album 48/-, with Melchior, Lotte Lehmann and Emanuel List and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Bruno Walter.

SIBELIUS •

Ready end of April (Please send orders now) the 4th volume, Sibelius Society, containing the Violin Concerto "Night Ride and Sunrise" and "Oceanides." 7 12" records with Album and notes, 42/-



TELEFUNKEN ***now pressed in England.*** Famous in Germany for the quality of their recording, selected Telefunken records are now being made available in this country.

We invite your attention to record No. A119, 10" 4/-, two Sibelius songs, never previously recorded. Sung by RAUTA WAARA with orchestral accompaniment.

EMG

HAND-MADE GRAMOPHONES, LTD.

11, Grape Street (behind Princes Theatre), LONDON, W.C.2 Temple Bar 7166

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 171.—ADVENTURE ISLAND

The party of explorers on Adventure Island consisted of Capt. Hardnut and his four sons. After weeks of research, a treasure chest was discovered containing Spanish doubloons. It was agreed that the five explorers should share equally in this treasure trove.

The chest was placed in the custody of Friday, a faithful black.

That night Capt. Hardnut, seeking to anticipate the division of the treasure, divided the doubloons into five equal heaps and took one of these away. There was one doubloon over, which he gave to Friday. He put the remaining doubloons back in the chest. Soon afterwards the eldest son appeared and repeated the performance. He divided the doubloons, left by his father, into five equal heaps, took one away, and, finding one doubloon over, gave it to Friday. The second, third and fourth sons followed suit; and each, after dividing into five heaps the available doubloons, found there was one over and gave it to Friday. The last-named, happy in the possession of five doubloons, made no report to any of the party of the activities of the others.

The following day, all assembled at the appointed hour for the "official" division of the treasure. Once again it was discovered that the number of doubloons was exactly divisible by five—save that there was one over, which went to Friday.

Assuming that each explorer received the smallest number of doubloons compatible with the above data, how many were there in the original treasure-trove?

PROBLEM 169.—THE WARDEN'S WILL

SOLUTION BY P. H. BANNOCK:

Suppose E engravings and F fellows.

Then $E[(F-1)x-y] = 5539$.

Now $5539 = 29 \times 191$. So $E = 29$ or 191.

If $E = 29$ $(F-1)x - y = 191$.

$29 = 1+2+3+4+5+6+8$. So F cannot exceed 7.

If $F = 7$ $6x - y = 191$ and x is at least 32.

Then $(x+y)$ engravings exceeds 29, the total number of engravings.

So E must be 191 and $(F-1)x - y = 29$.

$\frac{19 \times 20}{2} = 190$. Since provisions given are sufficient to determine exactly how many engravings each receives, it follows that there were 19 fellows with respectively 1, 2, 3—17, 18 and 20 engravings.

Then $18x - y = 29$. (1)

Answer $= (E-x-y)x - (x+y)y = 191x - (x+y)^2$ and from (1) we find only values to satisfy are $x = 2$ and $y = 7$.

Answer £301.

PROBLEM 168

A set of Low's cartoons goes: J. Fleming, 354, Selly Oak Road, King's Norton, Birmingham.

Three points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution. CALIBAN

Company Meeting

THE CHARTERED BANK OF INDIA, AUSTRALIA AND CHINA

THE eighty-second ordinary general meeting of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China was held on Wednesday in London. In the unavoidable absence, due to illness, of Mr. A. d'A. Willis, Chairman, Sir William Foot Mitchell presided. He dealt first with various items in the balance sheet and continuing said (in part):

It is pleasing to be able to show, in spite of all difficulties, an increased profit for the year of over £32,000. Including the amount brought forward of £177,394 11s. 1d., the net profits for the year amount to £676,037 16s. 1d. The interim dividend absorbed £210,000, leaving £466,037 16s. 1d. to be dealt with. We propose, subject to your approval, to pay a final dividend of 14 per cent. for the half-year, to allocate £50,000 to the officers' pension fund, to utilise £25,000 in reduction of bank premises, and to carry forward £181,037 16s. 1d.

Due to the many quotas, exchange restrictions, and currency troubles throughout the world, international trade has not shared in prosperity to the same extent as in the domestic arena. The overseas trade of the United Kingdom for 1935 was £800,000,000 less than in 1929, and a good deal of this tremendous shrinkage must be laid at the door of the numerous restrictions. I regret I can see little hope of a revival in world trade until sanity returns to the Councils of the Nations, and until the artificial bolstering of crops and industries—the production of which would be quite uneconomic without this assistance—gives way to a more rational policy of apportioning the production of goods to the countries which are best suited to produce them.

The Government of India Bill, which was recently passed, marks a great advance towards the solution of India's difficulties. At the moment, India is one of the countries which might be described as relying on self-sufficiency, and only a very small proportion—about 8 to 10 per cent.—of her total production is exported. The exports of gold from India, since the United Kingdom went off the gold standard in 1931, have now reached the astonishing figure of £203,000,000; the phenomenal rise in the price of silver last year, due to America's silver policy, had the result of inducing large exports of the white metal from India to the London market—for the year 1935 the figure being 32,000,000 ounces. Indian Government finance continues to be very skilfully handled.

Reference has been made from time to time with regard to Lancashire using more Indian-grown cotton, and many mills in Lancashire have now made adjustments to their processes and equipment to enable them to use Indian types to advantage. Now that Lancashire has shown this "beau geste," it is to be hoped that India, on her part, may see her way to reciprocate by giving tariff preference to the higher grade goods which Lancashire has made popular in the Peninsula.

Sir William then reviewed the position in China and explained the currency decree issued in November by the Government of China. Continuing, he said: It is naturally not without misgivings that we view the momentous change to a managed currency instigated by the Government. The principal reasons for these misgivings may be briefly summarised: (1) the Budget remains unbalanced; (2) Customs duties and other Government revenues are declining; (3) The political situation in North China is very unsettled.

The heavy import duties which have been imposed on a variety of commodities have had the effect not only of raising prices to such an extent that consumption has been curtailed, but also of making smuggling more attractive. Government revenue has consequently suffered.

It is, therefore, very necessary for the Government to take steps either to augment their income, which may be difficult, or to effect radical economies in expenditure.

MALAYA—RUBBER

The year 1935—the first complete year of control—was a rather disappointing one. The average price over the twelve months was only 6d. per lb. Moreover, in order to achieve this price, it was necessary to decrease production. Since the beginning of this year the price of rubber has risen to the neighbourhood of 7½d. per lb., and the prospects for 1936 are much more encouraging.

TIN

Consumption has steadily increased and so far as mining interests in Malaya are concerned, the past year has undoubtedly been an extremely profitable one, whilst there seems every probability of a similar prosperous state of affairs continuing during the first half of this year.

Siam has been passing through a very difficult period during the past few years, both in the political and the economic sphere, but the finances of the country continue to be well managed. Our business in the Philippine Islands has been well maintained during the past year.

Sir William then referred to Japan's trade expansion during 1935, and said: Alongside this record of recovery there was a continuance of heavy armament expenditure, but the gap in the budget (defence now accounts for 46 per cent. of Japan's expenditure) was met by domestic loans, which continue to be absorbed without any apparent difficulty, but one begins to wonder when saturation point will be reached.

In conclusion Sir William paid a tribute to the staff.

The report was unanimously adopted.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

COUNTY COUNCIL OF DURHAM
COUNTY LIBRARY.

Applications are invited for the post of SENIOR ASSISTANT (MALE) at the COUNTY LIBRARY HEADQUARTERS. Applicants must be over 25 years of age and hold the Diploma of the Library Association or that of the School of Librarianship, and have had at least three years experience in a municipal or county library.

The commencing salary will be at the rate of £250 per annum, rising by annual increments of £12 10s. to £300, with a further increment after three years' service, followed by another after two years' service, making the maximum salary £325.

The post is a designated one for purposes of superannuation. Applications should reach the COUNTY LIBRARIAN, 24 OLD ELVET, DURHAM, not later than the first post on Saturday, April 18th, 1936, accompanied by copies of not more than three recent testimonials.

THOS. B. TILLEY,
Director of Education.

Shire Hall, Durham.
27 March, 1936.

ST. PANCRAS BOROUGH COUNCIL.
Children's Librarian (Female).

The Council invite applications for the appointment of a lady assistant to take charge of the new Children's Library at Chester Road. Salary, £200 per annum, increasing by annual increments of £12 10s. to £270 per annum. Candidates must be Associates or Fellows of the Library Association, with previous experience in the children's department of a public library. A knowledge of shorthand and typewriting is desirable. The appointment will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government and Other Officers' Superannuation Act, 1922, and to the byelaws and regulations of the Council, and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination.

Applications, stating age, qualifications and a concise statement of the experience of the candicate, accompanied by copies of not more than three recent testimonials, should be sent to me not later than 16th April, 1936. Canvassing, directly or indirectly, will be a disqualification.

A. POWELL COKE,
Town Clerk.

St. Pancras Town Hall,
Pancras Road,
London, N.W.1.

FULHAM BOROUGH COUNCIL
CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited from Fellows or Associates of the Library Association for the appointment of Children's Librarian. Salary £225 per annum, rising by annual increments of £15 to £390 per annum.

Full particulars and an application form may be obtained from the undersigned on sending a stamped, addressed foolscap envelope. The latest date for the receipt of applications is April 20th, 1936. Canvassing is strictly prohibited and will disqualify.

W. TOWNEND,
Town Clerk.

Dept. 1, Town Hall,
Fulham, S.W.6.

APPOINTMENTS—continued

THE JOINT AGENCY FOR WOMEN TEACHERS.
The official agency of the Headmistresses' Association, Association of Assistant Mistresses, Welsh Secondary Schools Association, and the Association of Headmistresses of Recognised Private Schools.
Apply to Miss K. B. Anderson, M.A., Registrar, 29 Gordon Square, W.C.1. 'Tel.: Museum 0656—9.

WELL educated, reliable Scots- or North Country woman, aged 25–30, as Housekeeper-Companion. Accounts, marketing, some housework, supervise children and servant; £60. Please only those really capable and willing apply. Write full particulars, Box 112, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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REPORTING, SHORTHAND, DUPLICATING. Technical MSS and Plays a Speciality. Verbatim or condensed reporting. Temporary Shorthand-Typists provided.—METROPOLITAN TYPING AND REPORTING OFFICE, 75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. Tel.: Holborn 6182.

AUTHORS' MSS, PLAYS, Etc., accurately and promptly typed by experienced typist.—MRS. BROOKER, 55 Elton Road, Bishopston, Bristol, 7.

DUPLICATING AND TYPEWRITING, Etc. Authors' MSS and Plays promptly executed. ALL work guaranteed proof-read and checked. Secretaries and all Office Staff, Temporary or Permanent. PROMPT SECRETARIAL SERVICES, LTD., 6 Conduit Street, W.1. (Mayfair 3163–4

BOOKS & PUBLICATIONS

UNITARIAN Publications FREE. "The Unitarian Gospel." MISS BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

HITLER'S ELECTION analysed; Spanish Political Survey; Japan and Mongolia, etc., in foremost political news review. INTERNATIONAL PRESS CORRESPONDENCE, 2d., post 2½d., 12s. p.a., from WORKER'S BOOKSHOP, 38 Clerkenwell Green, London, E.C.1. The Political Booksellers.

WHO MADE THE OLD NEW AGE?
Have you read this yet?—
"The old NEW AGE, Orage—and OTHERS."
By Beatrice Hastings.
(Blue Moon Press. 69 Red Lion St., W.C.1. 1s. Order through Booksellers or direct, with stamps or P.O., from BCM/JPDK, W.C.1.)
This preliminary booklet of 48 pages close print tells you a good deal about the inside story of the old NEW AGE. Things undreamed of. Symbolical of the bewildering times. Notes concerning a host of celebrities. Shaw, Chesterton, Nevinson, Bennett, Lloyd George, Dr. Hewlett Johnson, S. G. Hobson, James Stephens, Prof. Saurat, Ezra Pound, Dukes, Swinnerton, Squire, St. John Ervine and many others.
Time is with this book. Secure your copy of first edition.

TRAINING CENTRES

THE QUEEN'S SECRETARIAL COLLEGE,
67 Queen's Gate, London, S.W.7
Provides an efficient training in delightful surroundings.
ALL SECRETARIAL SUBJECTS TAUGHT
Prospectus on application. *Western* 6939

DAVIES'S
Preparation for: F.O., Home Civil, I.C.S., Consular, and Inspector of Taxes Examinations.
NEXT TERM begins Wednesday, APRIL 15th.
SUSSEX HOUSE, 1 HOLLAND PARK, W.11.
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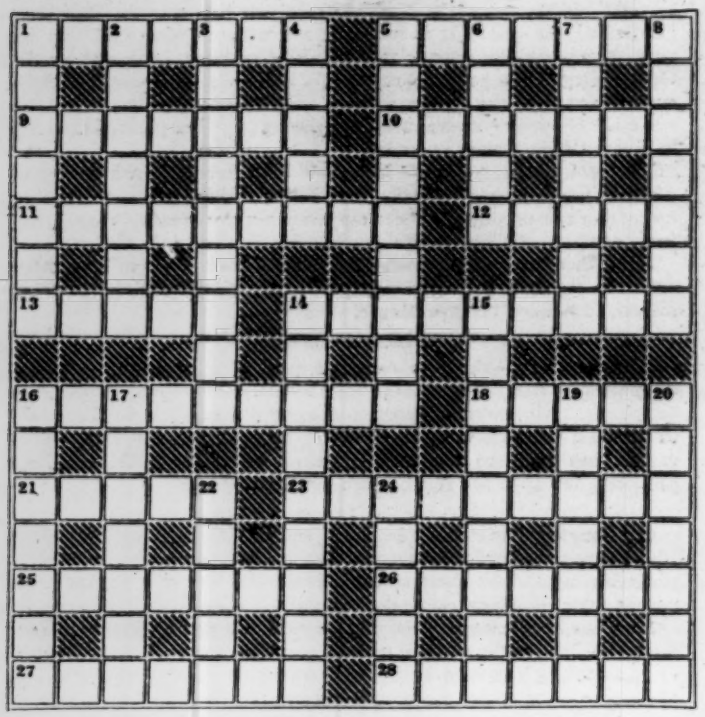
WEEK-END CROSSWORD 317

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
J. Walter Jones, Ynysllynlladd, Cadoxton, Neath, Glam.

ACROSS

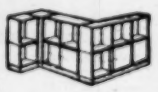
1. An R.A. gambles mathematically.
5. What callers do to you when you are not at home.
9. Nautical guide that sounds most un-convent-ional.
10. A question of history.
11. What a noise the bloody pump makes.
12. Medicine for a queen's return.
13. Operatic part.
14. Condition that makes speediest repair possible.
16. Steps taken in public by rural trippers.
18. Its exculpatory value would diminish if we could be in two places at the same time.
21. Where to find men who have retired.
23. Speed of a fatal fall?
25. A stream in Goa.
26. Golfer's virtuous falsehood.
27. Serviceably returned to those who give them.
28. A lad seen in a fishy attitude.

DOWN

1. Where stock is raised.
2. Helps to hold the cargo.
3. It might take part in knavish tricks.
4. Fashion that sounds as if the high step is required.
5. It would have no sense of duty.
6. Parkers' pokers.
7. South Sea Islanders are its chief inhabitants.
8. The Oxford crew must not tip it up until after to-day's race.
14. Baleful places for tipsy sailors.
15. How to discover the new railway line.
16. They give that low brow effect.
17. A generous partisan.
19. Very hard Polish water.
20. Where Messrs. Stevens struck oil so to speak.
22. Where this ware is found.
24. When raw are sometimes basted, but never cooked.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

■	■	C	■	E	■	L	■	B	■	I	■	C	■	B
■	W	H	I	S	K	E	Y	A	N	D	S	O	D	A
O	■	A	■	T	■	S	■	S	■	I	■	O	■	N
C	U	P	T	I	E	S	■	S	H	O	C	K	E	D
C	■	T	■	M	■	O	■	I	■	C	■	H	■	I
A	K	E	L	A	■	N	A	N	N	Y	G	O	A	T
M	■	R	■	T	■	■	■	E	■	■	■	U	■	S
■	P	A	R	E	N	T	■	T	H	R	E	S	H	■
B	■	N	■	■	■	R	■	■	■	U	■	E	■	E
E	N	D	O	F	T	E	R	M	■	N	A	K	E	D
D	■	V	■	E	■	E	■	I	■	A	■	E	■	I
T	H	E	R	E	A	T	■	N	E	G	L	E	C	T
I	■	R	■	D	■	O	■	U	■	A	■	P	■	S
M	A	S	H	E	D	P	O	T	A	T	O	E	S	■
E	■	E	■	R	■	S	■	E	■	E	■	R	■	■



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London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. The Dominant Sex. Wed., Sat.

ALHAMBRA. Weds., Sats. and Easter Mon.
The Show That Jack Built.

APOLLO. The Last of the Ladies. Wed., Sat.

COLISEUM. "Twenty to One." Wed. & Sat.

CRITERION. The Master Builder. Tu., T. S.

DUCHESS. Night Must Fall. Thurs. & Sat.

GARRICK. Two Mrs. Carrolls. Tues., Sat.

GLOBE. "Call It a Day." Wed., Th. & Sat.

HIPPODROME. Please Teacher! Th., Sat.

LYRIC. Tovarich. Wed. & Th.

MERCURY. Murder in the Cathedral. F., S.

PHOENIX. "To-night at 8.30." Tues. & Sat.

PLAYHOUSE. "Mary Tudor." Th. & Sat.

ST. JAMES'. 'Pride and Prejudice.' W. & S.

SAVOY. Wisdom Teeth. Mon. & Thurs.

SHAFTESBURY. "Promise." Wed. & Sat.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 6404.
THE DOMINANT SEX.
EXTRA MATINEE EASTER MONDAY, 2.30.

ALHAMBRA. Whi. 2525. 6.15 & 9. W. & S., 2.30.
THE SHOW THAT JACK BUILT.
RANDOLPH SUTTON, JIMMY JAMES, FRANK RANDLE.

APOLLO. Ger. 2663. Evgs., 8.30. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
Extra Matinee, Easter Monday.
WILLIAM FRESHMAN'S COMEDY,
THE LAST OF THE LADIES.

COLISEUM. Tem. Bar 3161. EVGS., 6.25 & 9.
Mats., Weds., Sats. & Easter Mon. at 2.30.
"TWENTY TO ONE."
THE SIDE-SPLITTING MUSICAL SPORTING FARCE.
LUPINO LANE, CLIFFORD MOLLISON.

CRITERION. Whi. 3844. 8.40. Tu., Th., Sat., 2.30.
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LEON M. LION presents
in association with ARTS THEATRE OF CAMBRIDGE
THE MASTER BUILDER.
LYDIA LOPOKOVA. D. A. CLARKE-SMITH.

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) 8.30, Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
EMLYN WILLIAMS in his own Play
NIGHT MUST FALL
MAY WHITTY ANGELA BADDELEY

GARRICK. EVGS., 8.30. MATS., Tues., Sat., 2.30.
ELENA MIRAMOVA
THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.
CATHLEEN NESBITT. HUGH MILLER.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evgs., 8.15 Sharp.
Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30.
FAY COMPTON & OWEN NARES in
"CALL IT A DAY."
By Dodie Smith.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272.
Evgs. at 8.15. Thur., Sats. & Easter Mon., 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES in
"PLEASE TEACHER!"
VERA PEARCE. WYLIE WATSON. BERTHA BELMORE.

LYRIC. (Ger. 3686.) 8.30. Mats., Wed., Th., 2.30.
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TOVARICH.
CEDRIC HARDWICKE, EUGENIE LEONTOVICH.

MERCURY. Nottg. Hill Gate. 2s. 6d. to 6s. Park 1000.
Nightly (except Mons.) at 8.30. Fri., Sat., 2.30.
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By T. S. Eliot. Robert Speaight as Becket.
"The one great play by a contemporary dramatist now to be seen in England."—*The Times*. (23rd WEEK.)
Every SUNDAY at 9, BALLET CLUB.

PHOENIX. Tem. 8611. 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE. NOEL COWARD.
"TO-NIGHT AT 8.30."
Three Plays by Noel Coward.

PLAYHOUSE. 8.30. Th., Sat., 2.30. Whi. 7774.
FLORA ROBSON in
"MARY TUDOR." (Last Weeks).
JOYCE BLAND. LAWRENCE ANDERSON.

ST. JAMES'. (Whitehall 3903.)
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
GILBERT MILLER and MAX GORDON present
"PRIDE AND PREJUDICE."

SAVOY. (Tem. 8888.) 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.
BEATRIX THOMSON in
WISDOM TEETH.
EDITH SHARPE, RONALD ADAM, MARTIN LEWIS.

SCALA. Charlotte Street, W.1.
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On Tuesday, April 7th, 1936, at 7.30 p.m.
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Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
MADGE TITHERADGE, EDNA BEST,
RALPH RICHARDSON, Ann Todd, Robert Harris in
"PROMISE."

WHITEHALL. Smoking. (Whitehall 6692.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
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A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

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The gayest film of the season!
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Overture, "King Lear" - - - - BERLIOZ
Concerto for Viola - - - HANDEL-CASADESUS
WILLIAM PRIMROSE
Scherzo, Queen Mab - - - - HOLBROOKE
Symphony No. 6 in A Major - - BRUCKNER
Conductor:
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By Henri Gheon. Adapted by Sir Barry Jackson)

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Richard of Bordeaux. By Gordon Daviot.

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Evenings, 7.30.
Give Us This Day. By Walter Greenwood.

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Evenings 6.30 & 8.50.
The Wind and the Rain. By Merton Hodge.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, Basil Matthews, 44 Archway Road, London, N.19. ARC 3845.*

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

CENTRAL BANKS AND NATIONALISATION—GOLD TAXATION—RAND GOLD SHARES ANALYSED

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr. Lawrence Cadbury, a director, *inter alia*, of the *News Chronicle* and once director of the *Nation*, on being appointed a director of the Bank of England. Congratulations also to the Canadian and New Zealand Governments on their bills to nationalise their respective central banks. We leave it (respectfully) to Mr. Cadbury to congratulate Mr. Norman on being elected Governor of the Bank of England for the seventeenth year. It is clear that Mr. Montagu Norman is fast becoming a permanent civil servant. The *Economist* attempted last week, somewhat half-heartedly, to disparage the nationalisation of the Canadian and New Zealand central banks but it had to admit that even in this country the central bank should not be entirely independent of the Government. It suggested that the Governor of the Bank should be appointed by the Government to hold office over a long term of years, rather like a judge, and that the Governor should surround himself with a body of advisers representing the leading commercial and industrial interests in the country. The *Economist* just dare not go the whole hog and propose nationalisation of the Bank of England. There would be very little objection in the House of Commons to nationalisation and the stockholders would certainly not be a penny worse off. In exchange for their holdings the stockholders would have to be offered an amount of Government stock, probably with a fairly long maturity, which would give them the same income as before (from the Bank's annual distribution of 12 per cent.). There would, of course, be objections in the City but when the directors of the Bank realised that they would merely become an Advisory Council—they are in effect an advisory council already, but instead of advising Mr. Montagu Norman they would in future advise a high Government official—there would probably be no real opposition except from Mr. Montagu Norman. That the Government should be in direct control of the money system is essential for economic planning, and for any effective attack on the social evil of unemployment. Who dares to deny that elementary truth in these days of monetary enlightenment? Who dares to suggest that the Bank of England will operate less efficiently when its officials are paid by the State and its Governor appointed from among the most intelligent, tried and trusted civil servants?

* * *

It can, at any rate, be said about the new system of taxation on the Rand gold mines that it removes most of the idiocies of the old system with its complications of normal tax, excess profits tax and surtax. Mr. Mackenzie, the retiring president of the Transvaal Chamber of Mines, declared that the new scale of taxation would not only not give any relief to the industry as a whole but might even result in a slightly increased burden. However, as all uncertainty is now removed the mining companies will presumably pay their dues to the Government with a better grace. They may even look forward to a lightening of the burden of taxation. As the fifteen developing mines come into production, the Government revenues will increase, so that a reduction in the rate of tax will be possible. But that is looking far ahead. Mr. Havenga, the Minister of Finance, proposes once for all to abolish the fiction of "excess" gold profits and to levy in future a single tax in two stages, first a flat rate of 15 per cent. and secondly a graduated rate rising from nil to a maximum of 35 per cent. Where a mine is yielding a profit of no more than 12½ per cent. of the value of gold won the graduated tax is nil. As the profitability increases the graduated tax increases—up to a maximum of 35 per cent., so that the total tax that any mine can pay is 50 per cent. of its profits (calculated after amortisation of all capital expenditures allowed to rank for redemption). Because Mr. Havenga has a tortuous mind he introduced what appeared to be a complicated formula for the graduated tax, namely 35 per cent. of the value won minus 40 per cent. of cost divided by the profit. Now, seeing that 35 per cent. of the value minus 35 per cent. of the cost is equivalent to 35 per cent. of the profit, Mr. Havenga need only have stated that the Government would take from the mines in all half their net profits minus 5 per cent. of their costs subject to a minimum of 15 per cent. But this no doubt would have sounded too simple.

* * *

How will the new system affect mining policy? There will still be some incentive to mine low-grade ore, seeing that the graduated tax declines with profitability. On the other hand, some companies will be encouraged to mine a higher grade because, although they will pay more in tax, they will have more to distribute in dividends per share. My statistical assistant sends me the following calculations of the profits per share which will be available for dividends and capital expenditure after the new taxes have been deducted. The estimates are based on the assumption that gold remains at 140s. per ounce and that the same tonnage is milled as in 1935. Two estimates are given—one based on the grade of ore mined for February and the other based on the average grade of ore disclosed in the ore reserves:

	Current Dividends Per Share.	Estimated Earnings On—* (a) Feb. Grade of Ore. Gold £7. 1935 Tonnage.	(b) Average Grade of Ore Reserves. Gold £7. 1935 Tonnage.	Current Price of Shares.	Yield %† on Estimated Earnings on (a).
Brakpan	2/7½	2/6	3/6	2 17/32	4.94
Cons. Main Reef ..	4/9	7/–	10/–	4 5/16	8.12
Crown	17/–	18/6	20/–	14 9/16	6.35
Daggafontein ..	8/9	8/–	9/–	8 5/16	4.81
East Geduld ..	8/9	10/–	11/–	9⅝	5.20
East Rand Prop. ..	2/9	3/9	5/–	67/3	5.58
Geduld	14/–	15/–	14/6	10⅜	7.06
Langlaate	4/–	2/9	3/3	30/3	9.09
Luipaards Vlei ..	9d.	1/–	1/3	17/6	5.72
New State Areas ..	5/–	6/3	6/6	3⅜	9.26
Nourse	3/9	6/–	7/6	2⅜	10.91
Randfontein ..	4/–	5/–	7/6	58/–	8.62
Robinson Deep "B"	2/9	5/–	4/3	2½	10.00
Simmer & Jack ..	6d.	1/1½	1/3	15/6	7.26
West Rand	2/6	2/5‡	2/9‡	34/9	7.19

* No allowance for capital expenditure.

† Yields do not allow for Dominion Income Tax relief.

‡ Adjusted to allow for 25% of profit taken in future by deferred shares.

NOTE: In the case of the leased mines the Government share of profits is added to the costs before applying the new taxation formula.

* * *

My statistical assistant knows, of course, that these calculations are a waste of time. The tonnages milled in 1936 will differ from the tonnages milled in 1935, the price of gold will not stay "put" at 140s. per ounce, and the companies will not continue to mine the same grade of ore as in February or mine in future exactly the present average grade of the disclosed ore reserves. But it is interesting to see that in most cases the new taxation enables the companies to disclose higher net earnings per share and it is at any rate valuable to make comparisons, even if each individual estimate of earnings is wrong. Consolidated Main Reef, New State Areas, Nourse, Randfontein and Robinson Deep B emerge from the calculation to advantage. Robinson Deep, however, is milling a grade of ore slightly above the average grade of its ore reserves. Randfontein is perhaps in the strongest position for it milled in 1935 ore of the average grade of 3.45 dwts. whereas the average grade of its ore reserves at the end of the year was 4.2 dwts. As the directors of Randfontein have shown great cleverness in the past in making the best of bad taxation, they can be relied upon now to increase the grade of ore milled and pay a higher dividend before the end of the year. Crown Mines to a slight extent and East Rand Proprietary to a considerable extent can also increase the grade of ore milled. East Rand Proprietary and Simmer and Jack are enlarging their tonnages, which implies that their capital expenditures are for the time being heavy.

* * *

Apart from the attractions of an improved system of taxation the Rand gold shares may attract buying as the flight from the franc increases. It is just possible that a devaluation of the European gold bloc may be followed by a period of temporary weakness in sterling and that this will precipitate a further devaluation of the dollar to 50 cents. gold. It is just possible, therefore, that we shall eventually stabilise at a higher price of gold than 140s. per ounce. Looking further ahead, stabilisation at a higher price for gold may be followed by an inflationary rise in commodity prices and in gold mining costs, and an eventual decline in gold mining profits. But sufficient unto the day is the gold profit thereof.

EASTER Subscribers and Advertisers are reminded that next week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will be published on Thursday, and all instructions must be received 24 hours earlier than usual.

Company Meeting

HALIFAX BUILDING SOCIETY

SIR ENOCH HILL'S SPEECH

THE 83rd Annual General Meeting of the Halifax Building Society was held on Monday at Halifax, Sir Enoch Hill, J.P., F.C.I.S., president, said (in part):

The figures show that the total number of new accounts opened in all departments was 101,210, showing that new members or depositors joined the Society at the rate of approximately 2,000 per week. After allowing for withdrawals, the total number of Investors' and Borrowers' accounts open at the end of the year was 659,509, an increase of 37,186.

The total receipts for the year, excluding the amount received on realisation of investments, amounted to the large sum of £36,369,486, and the share and deposit funds have increased by £4,580,613 and now amount to £103,374,717.

The number of new mortgages granted was 35,166, and the total amount advanced £21,712,318, which is a total not previously reached.

The amount now due upon mortgage securities stands at £85,942,328, an increase in the year of £7,843,242, and the total number of borrowers is 214,455, being 15,533 more than a year ago. The total Assets have increased to £108,087,466, an addition of £5,289,853.

The surplus profit for the year, after providing for all expenses and Income Tax, amounted to £529,362. Out of this surplus the Directors recommend the distribution, in addition to interest, of a bonus of 10s. per cent. to Paid-up Shareholders, Class 1, which is a department restricted to shares completed by monthly subscriptions, and a bonus of £1 per cent. to the monthly subscription Investing Shareholders. This distribution will make a total yield for the past year to Class 1 Shareholders of £3 17s. 6d. per cent. and to the Subscription Shareholders of £4 7s. 6d. per cent., both free of Income Tax. This yield will, I have no doubt, give general satisfaction.

A source of strength and stability is the degree of liquid assets which now amount, including cash in banks, to £21,363,698. This sum is approximately 19.77 per cent. of the total assets and is invested in Trustee securities not liable to depreciation.

In a period of eight years the amount due to shareholders has increased by £34,881,907, or 93 per cent.; the amount due to depositors has increased by £22,972,529 or 274 per cent.; the Reserve Funds have increased by £2,956,743 or 202 per cent.; the mortgage assets have increased by £47,179,137 or 121 per cent.; the open Accounts have increased by 330,285 or 100 per cent. Under the provisions of the Housing (Financial Provisions) Act, 1933, the Society has granted applications for mortgage loans to a total of £3,151,881 in respect of 10,213 houses. Mortgages now completed under this heading amount to £2,109,582 in respect of 8,400 houses.

It must be recognised that there is an increasing tendency for Urban populations to adapt themselves to residential flats. This practice is very largely on the increase and appears to be influenced to a great extent by the difficulties of transport from the centres of large towns to suburban areas. It is also due, to some extent, to considerations of employment, education, shopping, etc. This constitutes a revolution in housing policy, and it appears not unlikely that some part of the savings of Building Societies, which in the past have been invested in separate houses, may be employed in collective housing under satisfactory conditions. The Directors have, after careful enquiry and rigid valuation, accepted a limited number of these securities, and the special loans granted by the Society upon groups of houses built to be let under the Housing Act, 1933, have substantially increased the proportion of the Society's large mortgages exceeding £5,000 each to 9.25 per cent., compared with 6.74 per cent. in the preceding year, but notwithstanding this, generally there has been only a slight increase in the average debt on each mortgage from £392 to £400, and the proportion of mortgage debts not in excess of £500 each is almost precisely the same, namely, 52.67 per cent., compared with 52.60 per cent.

There has been an increasing tendency during the year on the part of Municipal Authorities to enter the mortgage service field by making loans under the Small Dwellings Acquisition Acts of Parliament on terms favoured by advantageous Government loans, subsidised to some extent out of the local rates.

The arrangement between the Building Societies' Association and the Inland Revenue for the payment by Societies of all Income Tax liability upon investment interest at a compounded rate, has been renewed for a further period of years. During the past year the Society has borne income tax to the amount of £503,454.

The Society's Reserve Fund has been substantially increased, and, including the special Reserve No. 2, which has been provided to meet losses arising from the sale of properties in possession, and which has never yet been drawn upon, of £691,854, and including the surplus profit of the year, £529,362, amount to a total Reserve or undivided Profit of £4,417,943. This profit remains after providing for all interest due and bonus allotted up to the 31st January, 1936.

The Society has not only enjoyed a year of substantial development and progress, with a satisfactory profit factor and a largely increased membership, but the quality of its business has never been of a higher character than at present. The report was approved.

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